



SICK

JUNE
25¢

ICD

The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing

In this issue:

PLAYBORE MAGAZINE PARODY



OFFICE

Did you register?

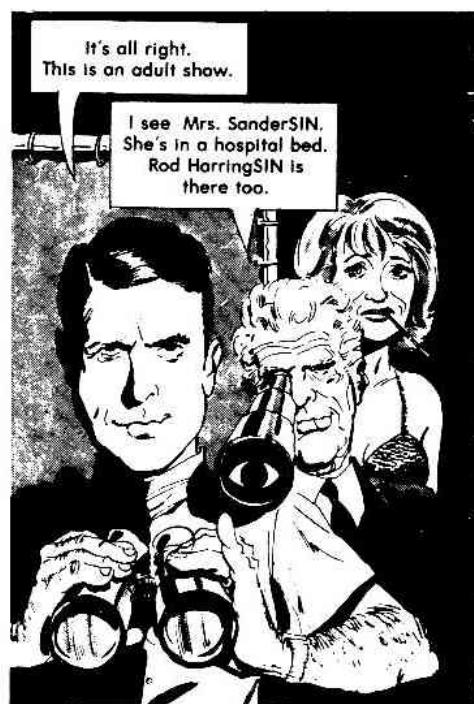
Yes, I registered Republican.

COLONIAL
MOTEL

ICE
→



Playbore Bunny...



Sick Town...



Movies...

SICK

The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing

No. 37

Vol. 5 No. 7 June, 1965

PLAYBORE...

Nothing robs a Playbore of his good looks like a hurriedly drawn shade. 9

MOVIE SPOOF: Kiss Me Stupid...

I think that I shall never see
A girl who's good enough for me.
But that's all right, I've no complaint.
I much prefer the ones who ain't. 21

PETTIN' PLACE...

In Pettin' Place, everybody knows what everybody else is doing. They read the local papers only to see if anybody's been caught at it. 37

SONGS OF THE A.M.A....

"Is there a doctor in the house?" shrieked the woman's voice in the motion picture theatre.
A young man leaped from his seat and made his way to the woman's side. "I'm a doctor, madam," he said.
"Doctor," the woman purred, "I'd like you to meet my daughter." 41

CONTEMPORARY NURSERY RHYMES...

If a cow has an udder
It's probably a mudder. 49

Joe Simon, Editor

Bob Powell, Art Director

Paul Laikin
New York Correspondent

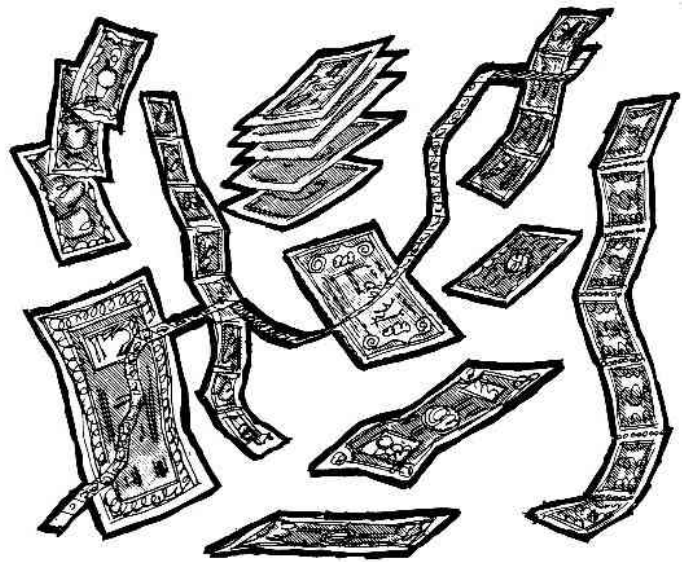
Jim Atkins
Washington Correspondent

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Fred England
Texas
Jack O'Brien
Florida

Don Edwing
New Jersey
Jack Scott
West Coast

People don't buy products they want or because they get a good buy these days. They buy because they are given premiums. There are green stamps, and plaid stamps, and free gifts, and candy for the children. Even the staid, old banking business is giving out premiums. If you open a savings account banks will give you a clock, or some dishes, or other gifts. One lady ran up to a bank teller in Washington, D.C. and begged: "Please don't make me save any more money." She couldn't resist premiums. The teller said nothing. He pointed to the sign at his cage which said, "Next window." Even cigaret companies are giving premiums, and as a result people who smoke certain brands may not live longer, but they can live better. Here's the way it was when two premium nuts met and talked about...



THE COUPON ON THE BACK

Art by Angelo Torres

Script by Jim Atkins



I smoke Realies.
I save the coupons.



Yes, I save the Realie
Coupons. That's how
I got this toupee.



Yes, that's how I got
these false teeth.
Smoking ruined my gums
and my teeth fell out.
I traded in the skates
I got with Realie coupons
for these false teeth.



Yes, I got this corset
and these padded
shoulders with coupons
from Realies Cigaretts.



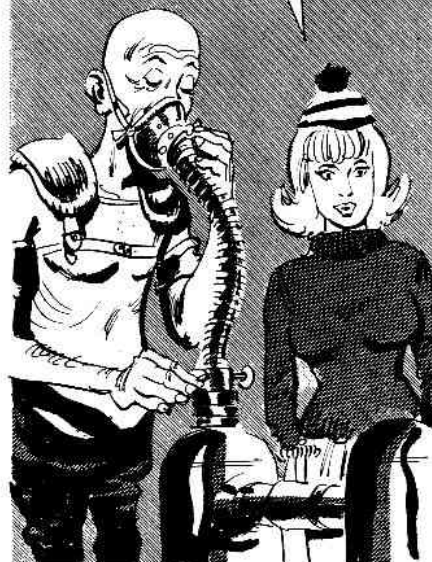
I got everything I own
from Cigaret coupons.

Do they give green
stamps for buying
Realies? Do they give
away chances on tv sets?
I want everything.



Yes, the more you buy
the more free things
you get. I got this
oxygen kit for my lungs
with green stamps my
doctor gives out.

Gosh, you're old.
How old? 80? If I guess
right will you give me
some Plaid Stamps?



I'm not old, although
this joke is. I'm only 25.
I look this old because
I smoke a carton of
Realies a day.





Sickcerely Yours:

Dear Sir:

In reference to your "Sick Crystal Ball" (December), lay-off the British, O.K.? You have a ruddy cheek to put in the "Mag" about Princess Margaret and her husband. Also in the same article you referred to the Duke of Windsor.

I think you are going too far this time. Don't bother to reply to this letter because I don't want anything whatsoever to do with you at all, from now on. You *Yankee's* are all the ruddy same full of it. So as you stinking Yanks say in that stupid scrawl of yours, "Lay off me."

L. Parkins E.D.H.

M.U. Linkmoor Moorlite Co., Ltd.
56 Pilgrim Street

Newcastle on Tyne 1, England, U.K.

ED: Listen, L. Parkins E.D.H., if that's really your name, we don't want you reading our mag again. And what is it with all those letters and numbers in your address? What are you, a spy or a lifer in prison?

Dear SICK Finks:

SICK is a nauseating, but humorous magazine. It's a much better magazine than some others I've read and torn to shreds. SICK I save about a week and then go insane, tearing it to shreds while on the way to the sanatorium.

How about doing a movie spoof on "Father Goose?" Much more on the Beatles!

Scott Heavey
222 College Blvd.
San Antonio, Texas

ED: We did a movie review on "Father Goose," then tore it to shreds.

Dear SICK:

I wondered why you finks had printed the "Military Secrets" cover upside down, until I realized that you were just doing

something to make your readers (both of them) write in about. Well, you forgot one thing: by removing the staples I was able to turn the insides of the magazine over and accomplish the purpose for which the cover was intended.

Jim Bates
6630 Butler St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

ED: Why didn't we think of that?

Dear SICK:

Like, man, don't let my last name fool you, I'm English. I just wanted to tell you that "Fink Keeley" sounds a lot better than "Huckleberry Fink."

Louise Lavioletti
424 Benk St.
Ottawa, Ontario

ED: Even Louise Lavioletti sounds better than Huckleberry Fink.

Dear SICK:

I missed your December issue of SICK, the one about the singing Beatles.

When I read the fan mail in your March issue, I found that I really missed something good. The movie spoof on a "Hard Days' Night" must have been wild. Anyway, as I was reading the fan mail I came to a letter saying: "Dear Sick: I think your readers have their nerve."

Well she's right. In order to read SICK you have to have nerve. Right!!!

Good Luck!!!
John Careccia
4188 Barnes Ave.
Bronx, N.Y.

ED: It takes more nerve to publish it.

Dear Rat Finks:

I was reading my SICK magazine yesterday during history class when the teacher took it away from me.

Here is a little song that is sung to the

tune of "On Top of Old Smokey." The names have been changed to protect the guilty:

On Top of Old Smokey;
all shiny and slick;
I saw Alfred Neuman;
reading a "Sick."

If you want anymore songs just tell me.
Mike Calloway
Granite Falls
North Carolina

ED: Do us a favor, send them to Mad.

Dear SICK Finks:

I now take pencil in hand to congratulate you on "N.B.C. Buys the N.Y. Giants" in your March 1965 issue. I have always thought your magazine was worth more than 25¢, so I'd buy it for 25¢, read it, then sell it to some suckers for 35¢.

Please sing this song to the tune of "Frere Jacques":

Silly Sick, silly Sick;
I bought you, I bought you;
I read you for kicks.
Now that I'm sick;
Boo hoo hoo! Boo hoo hoo!

Silly Sick, silly Sick;
You're such fun; you're such fun;
When I read your jokes.
Makes me want to choke;
Run! Run! Run! Run! Run! Run!

Steve Rumgarner
Granite Falls,
North Carolina

ED: Do us a favor, send your songs to Mike Calloway.

Dear Drips:

When I found an issue of your so-called magazine, I took it home and looked through it (erp). I tried to unload your trash on one of the finks on my block but he wouldn't have it. In short your material stinks and I wouldn't give a homemade penny for it.

Bob Valentine
813 East Taylor
Bloomington, Illinois

P.S. I don't expect you to print this letter.
ED: What the hell do YOU know.

Dear SICK Ed:

I am in "Sing-a-Dong Prison." All I see, or will see for the next 99 years are four stone walls.

GET THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF SICK—

YOU'LL SCREAM AT

MOTHER

NAG-
AZINE

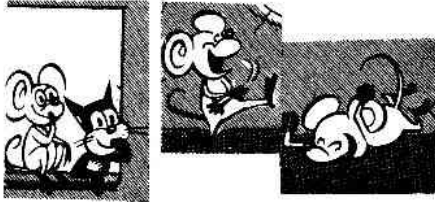


But once a month I get to read a few pages of SICK because they use it for wallpaper in the torture chamber.

So why don't you draw me an escape route out of here.

John Osborn
415 E. Bay Park
Coos Bay, Ore.

ED: Sit tight, John. One of our representatives will soon contact you and kiss you on the lips.



Dear Half-wits:

I had heard many rumors about your literary treasure? I finally bought your December issue. I especially enjoyed your cut-up cartoon of "Huckleberry Fink in the Army." NOT until my third reading did I notice the Mouse. Hope to see more Army cut-ups in the future. They're great.

From a Typically Sick G.I.
Pfc. Dan Lefever
TWS LOG Det #4
APO 133, N.Y.

P.S. Don't forget to include Amos Mouse in any future Army cut-ups. He's the real star. Is Vic Martin an embittered ex-G.I.?
ED: Vic Martin is an embittered ex-SICK-artist.

Dear Real SICK People:

I have read your March iss. I dig it the most, you dig. I like the News Broadcasts. I think they should lively it up a bit. The news Broadcasts are to dull on T.V. now-a-days. What I thought was a gask is your sickcerly yours Page 6. I think thats the Best Laugh of your SICK. Well any way I was Buying your sick when one of my teachers seen me Buying it, he said to being it to class the next day, so he could read it. So even teachers read sick.

Al Rumble
Residence Hall
Frankfurt American High School
A.P.O. 09757 U.S. Forces
Germany

ED: Ah, that explains it.

Dear SICK Editor (and I mean sick!!!):

Well Joe, I wasted a quarter and bought your February issue. I wish I could get every copy of SICK you print (so I could burn them). Actually, I think you may catch up with Mad if they continue on their trend and you on yours.

But why, why, do you print all of those things against the South. And those pictures of Barry you drew. Is it because your small minds can think of nothing else or are you no good, cross, miscreant, churlish, amuck, craven, despading Yankees.

Sickcerly yours,
Randy Colgin
412 Forest Ave.
Biloxi, Miss.

ED: That's it—that's what we are.

Dear SICKly:

Your mag is one of my favorites. Give special credit to Jack Davis and Joe Simon. By the way, how old is Joe and Jack and what is their pay?

Your best article was in the March issue—"Rumble."

Tony Fariello
1357 Broadway
Rensselaer, New York

ED: Joe Simon is 9, Jack Davis is his son. Their accountant is preparing a statement which you will receive in the mail along with Paul Laikin.

Dear SICK:

I think you have a real good magazine, but Alfred E. Neuman is better looking than Huck Fink. But that's the way it goes. Some got it, some don't.

Robert Nevin
12 Park Place
Rockville, Conn.

ED: But Joe Simon is better looking than Al Feldstein.

Dear SICK jerks:

I think your magazine is way out. You beat all of the magazines by a mile. Keep up the good work. What is the name of your little guy? I think you should call him Krazy Kid. To make a short story longer, boy, am I glad my letter is over!

Mike MacDonald
70 Highlane St.
Portsmouth, N.H.
Western Hemisphere, Earth

ED: You're not alone, Mike.

for collectors... THE SATIRE THAT JFK LOVED--

Printed before Dallas, this highly acclaimed picture-caption book is now being offered for sale in order to contribute (50% of all profits) to the **JFK**



**MEMORIAL
LIBRARY**



Georgie Jessel says: "LOOK WHO'S TALKING" is a warm memory of the wonderful humor of The NEW FRONTIER... Not for squares!"

LOOK WHO'S TALKING



Hilarious
Talking
Pin-ups

BARRY GOLDWATER PROFUMO ROCKY AND HAPPY JFK JACKIE



LIZ TAYLOR EDDIE BURTON JAYNE

Send 50c per copy (for attractive 8"x11" stiff-cover "paper-back" volume) to "Look Who's Talking," 32 W. 22 Street, New York 10, New York.

WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!

News Item: *Professor experiments with wings for human flight.*



FOR OUR MAGAZINE PARODY, HERE IS OUR VERSION OF THE PUBLICATION WHOSE SALES
KEEP MULTIPLYING FASTER THAN THE RABBITS THAT DECORATE ITS PAGES...

ENTERTAINMENT FOR DREAMERS

PLAYBORE

SPECIAL SICK ISSUE

JUNE

75
cents

AND
GOING
UP

PICTURES THE DRUG STORES WON'T DEVELOP

EXTRA

**THE NEW
PLAYBORE
SPORTS CAR**
FOLDS UP INTO
A DOUBLE BED

EXPOSE: GREENWICH VILLAGE

THE **REAL** CITY OF
BROTHERLY LOVE

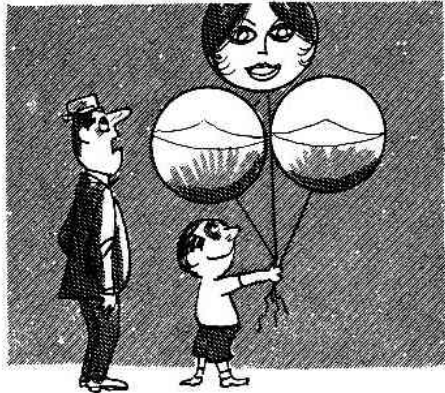
TIPS TO WOLVES:
**HOW TO SUCCEED
IN TRYING
WHEN YOU REALLY
MEAN BUSINESS**

ALL MEN ARE
CREATED EQUAL—
BUT NOT WOMEN!

(see centerfold)

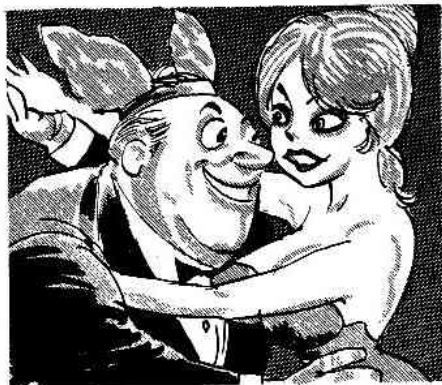
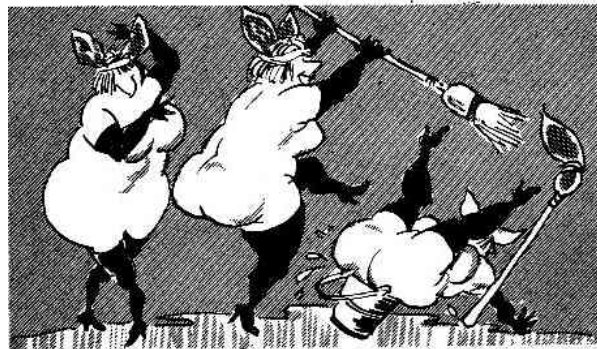


PLAYBORE



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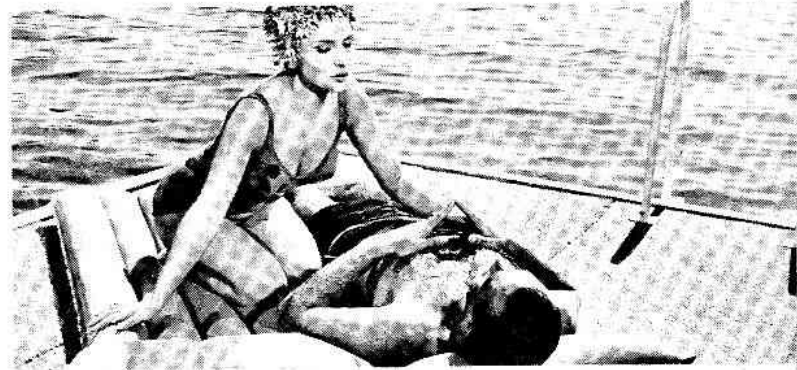
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GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBORE BUILDING, VIRGIN ISLANDS. PHOTOGRAPHS OF GIRLS WERE TAKEN IN PLAYBORE'S SPECIAL DARK ROOM WHERE THEY WERE WELL DEVELOPED. UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPHS DUE TO THE FACT THAT SOME PHOTOGRAPHERS DIDN'T HAVE ANY FILM IN THE CAMERA AT THE TIME. NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY UNSOLICITED GIRLS IN THE MAIL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED OR EVEN PRINTED WITHOUT THE PERMISSION OF THE EDITOR'S MISTRESS. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN GIRLS SEEN IN THIS MAGAZINE AND THOSE IN REAL LIFE IS NOT ONLY COINCIDENTAL BUT JUST A PLAIN OLD PIPE-DREAM.

HUGH R. HEFNUT, *editor and publisher*
 RIP GASKET, *wild parties editor* SLIM LAPEL, *ivy league editor*
 A.C. SPECTACULAR, *general makeout man*
 BEN VOYAGE, *leisure tours editor* LES DANCE, *hi-fi editor*
 PAUL LEROID, *camera bug editor*
 JACK GWAR, *sports car editor* GODDARD MADE, *naked girls editor*
 TOM FOOLERY, *monkey business manager and layout director*

This magazine was entered as third-class matter in the U.S. Government Post Office at Washington, D.C. The postmaster read it, ordered 500 copies, but refused to allow us to send it through the mail. Contributions are accepted. Send stamps or money. We're not responsible for anything.



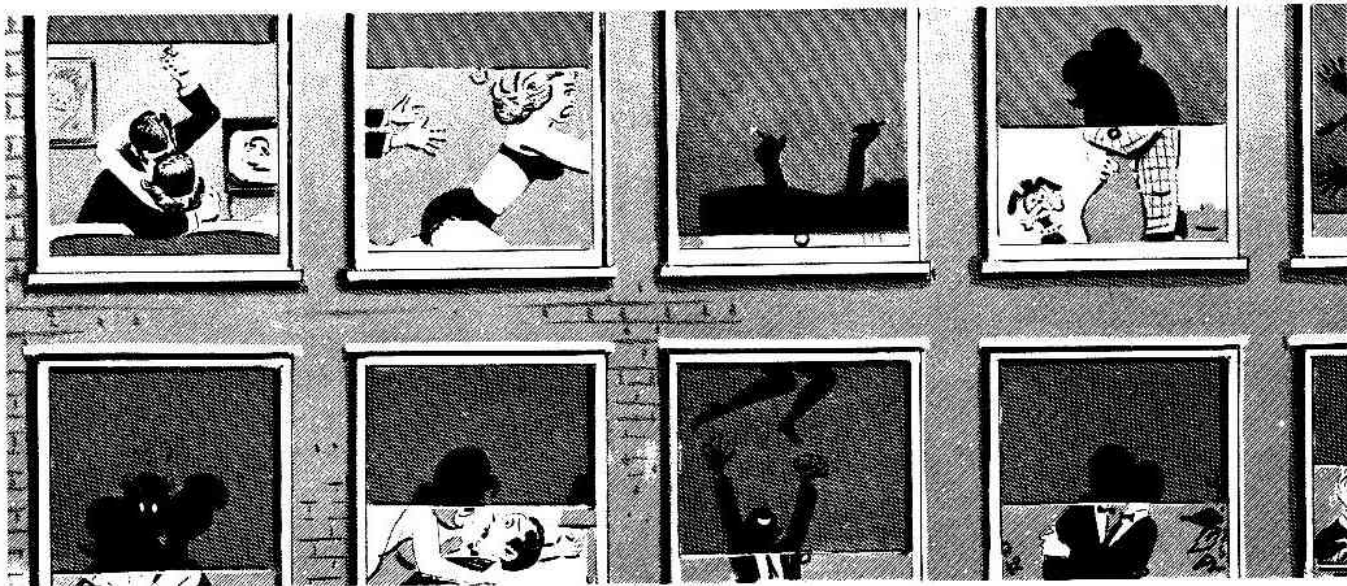
Left: People wonder why Sean is sometimes known as "Goldfinger." He paints his fingernails gold. You can't tell in the picture because it's not in color. Right: Sean Connery has just smelled this woman and she smelled so good, he fainted. Notice how he holds his fingers. The polish is not quite dry.

Our Playbore this month is Sean Connery shown in these pictures on location of the filming of "Women of Straw." Gina Lollobrigida co-stars as a beautiful woman. Connery is most famous in his roles as James Bond in the Ian Fleming series. "Women of Straw" is a United Artists picture, and the pictures here are United Artists' pictures. While they are very dramatic, they aren't moving. In the top photographs Connery is shown in what appears to be his favorite hobby, smelling women.



Left: Connery shows how he apprehends a criminal. He caught this man when he thought he smelled a rat. Also, he's so tired he can only capture criminals who are confined to wheelchairs. Right: Our Playbore likes strong women. Here he gives a girl the arm test. "Just as I expected," he said. "She's armed."

PLAYBORES AFTER OURS



AN ESKIMO in Alaska caught a 24,000-pound whale in his pajamas. He decided to freeze the blubber and keep it. A friend asked him why he wanted to keep 24,000 pounds of blubber. He said it was simple, he was his blubber's keeper.

John Henry Sex (of England) put an end to sex, as a name for him. He changed his name to John Henry Haynes because he said he didn't want his son to put up with all the troubles he had with the name. I wonder if he thought to change his son's name?

Americans are smoking less, but enjoying drinking and gambling

more... That report from the Commerce Clearing House which reports on taxes and business laws to its clients. It reported that tobacco taxes fell \$27 million during the fiscal year ending June 30. Taxes on liquor and beer were up \$100 million. Wagering tax collections were up more than \$350,000. Maybe if there weren't so much drinking and gambling, it wouldn't take six months to get these reports out.

An unnamed informant said he overheard the following discussion at the University of Alabama:

One student asked another: "Have you read Freud?" The other student answered: "No, but I saw the movie."

A man in Memphis, Tenn. came back to his parked car to find another car had hit his car and run into it (a hit-and-run driver). He found a note under the windshield wiper stating: "About 20 people are watching me. They think I'm writing my name and address, but I ain't."

SIGNS ABOUT TOWN: At a motel: Room-To-Let. At a matrimonial bureau: Beware Of Dog. At the ball park: A Pitch In Time Saves Nine. At a cemetery plot: The Family That Lays Together Stays Together.

Headline from the Tasmanian Tribune: **HOFFA LOSES UNION SUIT!** And a double one from the Atlantis Chronicle: **BIRTH RATE UP IN CHICAGO!—GOLDWATER BLAMES HUMPHREY!**

WHO CAN REMEMBER: A funny magazine parody?... The names in last year's little black book?... Where you left your pajamas?... The last time you were sober?... The first time a husband caught you?... Pat Ward?... Tommy Manville's first wife?... Your last wife?... Harvey Kurtzman?... Your social security number?... Girls who say no?... The face on a Playbore Bunny?... Jessica Dragonette?... Why we thought of doing this ridiculous parody?

CHICAGO DOUBLE FEATURE MOVIE BILL: **THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON** and **SELECTED SHORTS.**



"Watch out for the old hidden ball trick"

RECORDINGS

"I was the world's biggest bore"



Jackie Vernon has a funny record... "a wet bird never flies at night" (jubilee). Vernon tells stories about his troubled life. The title is a bit of philosophy, a-bit of a philosopher gave Vernon and which Vernon says he never forgot. However, he never found out what it meant either, but it did make a good album title.

Vernon tells how he once picketed the world with a sign stating: "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone." And someone hit him with a rock.

He has received lots of advice from his elders. One of them told him never to spit in a man's face unless his mustache is on fire. That's good advice for anyone.

We have always wondered what the record industry would do if it ever ran out of songs and music. That may sound funny, but just look at it this way. If they kept on writing music forever, the world would be full of music and there wouldn't be any room for stand-up comedians. The air would be full of music and dry birds couldn't even fly at night. It's something to think about, isn't it? But, I'm not worried anymore because the record companies are now recording lots of comedians and this is okay with me. (We use the editorial "we.") It's hard to review musical records because you can't quote music.

Vernon had a tough childhood. A close relative was killed when a small glass door at the automat fell on the relative's neck. He was eating a cherry pie at the time and

didn't know you were supposed to take the pie out. Vernon says they ought to put up signs.

To sum up...Vernon is funny.



The audience was good. They clapped and laughed at the right times. There was one lady, however, we should mention, who did not go along with the group. And that's the purpose of a review, to point out the bad things, right? Anyway, this woman thought the nightclub where the recording was being made was a bus station. When a bus came in to pick her up, it broke the rhythm of the act and caused a lot of people to cough.



I love watching him get dressed in the morning...

The cold shower. The leer. The shirt that's ready to take on the world. Everything he does is exciting.

Other men are so dull. So invisible. But Jack swings into a shirt like that as though it were a battle flag.

(Good old Van Verdon, the advertising writer. He wrote the first part of this ad and it's so funny, there's no need for a parody, so we'll just run the rest of the ad.)

Jack's their man. Absolutely. An ivy-covered stubbornness about the roll of that collar. A sneaky vanity about that tapered fit. Sass. Spirit. Red blood.

Gosh. I feel sorry for all those nice little ladies who get up at dawn and hover over a hot stove. This is the way mornings should be...in love in love in love.

(This ad was written by

VAN VERDON

the only man in the world who ever fell in love with a shirt.)



JUNE 1965 Ring 1

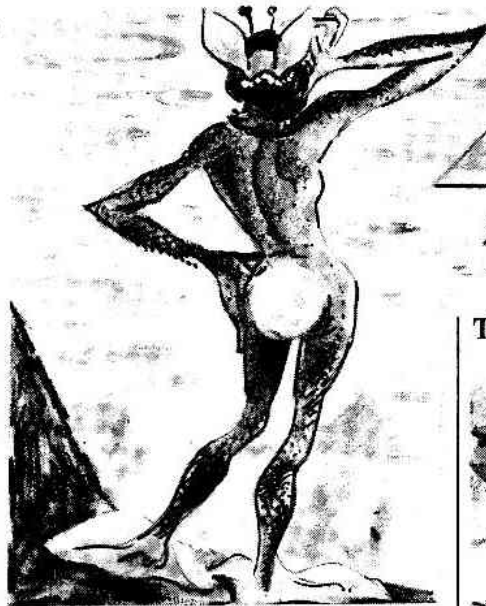
FIRST PLAYBORE CLUB TO OPEN ON MOON

Will Be A Real Gasser

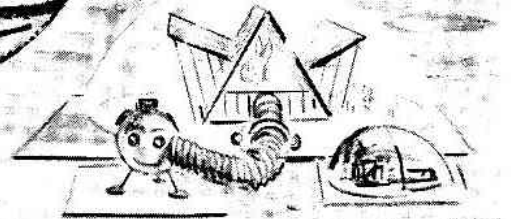
CAPE KENNEDY (Special)—In an effort to spread the Playbore philosophy all over the universe, plans are now underway for a new forty-story Key Club to be built on the Moon in time for Labor Day Weekend, 1973.

Negotiations have already been completed for shipping the entire structure on the next missile launching from Cape Kennedy. Included in the trip will be 470 tables, 862 chairs, 5900 cases of vermouth and a Liquor License Inspector. When finished, the Club will feature anti-gravitation gimmicks such as floating Bunnies in mid-air who will serve floating highballs to floating customers with a special floating dice game in the back room. Even the bartenders will be high.

This Club will be located on the heart of the Moon, just 15 short light years from Times Square. Special rockets will leave every



Friday evening for weekend flings. Needless to say, the Club will have a brand-new atmosphere of its own. If all goes well, other Clubs will follow on Mars, Jupiter, Atlantis and the The Bronx.



TYPICAL PLAYBORE BUNNY



Meet Phyllis Smedley, a typical Playbore Bunny. She's blonde, blue-eyed, 19, measures 36-22-36, is well-reared and looks good from the front too. So what if she doesn't know how to serve drinks and spills them all over the customers. This isn't the important part of her job as waitress.

The customers don't mind her bungling incompetence because they just love the way she bends down to wipe it all up.

Everyone agrees that Phyllis is a fine Bunny. And she's a good girl too. Phyllis makes \$200 a week in tips and sends home \$500 a week to her folks. You just gotta be good to do that!

SPECIAL FEATURE IN THE CHICAGO CLUB

CHICAGO (Special)—This being our home city it's only natural that we fill this Club with the most elaborate features of all our establishments. To this end we have installed there an indoor ski-jump, an 18-hole golf-course, a two-mile

natural lake, wall-to-wall money and a 48-piece orchestra in the Men's Room. It should be noted that in the latter there is no dancing permitted. Come in or phone for a cheerful estimate on your favorite drink.



There's always excitement and action going on at a Playbore Club. Above is just one of the many thrilling scenes.

TO: PLAYBORE CLUBS IMBECILICAL
Virgin Islands

Gentlemen:

I'm a person I like a good time with lots of girls and wild goings on. Here is my application for a Playbore Key. For heavens sake, rush it out—I can't stand it any longer.

☐ Check here if you want it sent in an unmarked envelope so your wife doesn't find out.

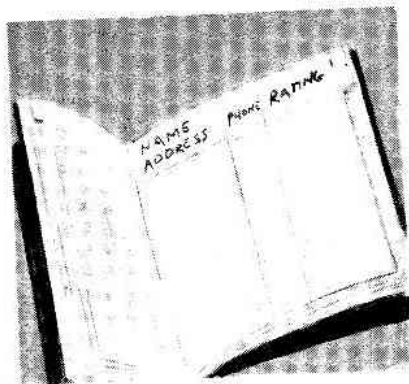
NAME _____ ALIAS _____

ADDRESS _____ OTHER APARTMENT _____

BANK BALANCE _____ LAWYER'S NAME _____ NEXT OF KIN _____

Playbore Gifts

For The Bore Who Needs Everything



The PLAYBORE LITTLE BLACK BOOK

First three pages are already filled in with some wild numbers (different ones in every book). No red-blooded playbore's life is complete without one. Money back if the first number doesn't come through. Recommended by P. Rubirosa, K. Saud, D. Caruso. ONLY \$40 PLUS TAX.



At prices you can't afford to pass up even if you have your own teeth! Bite into her with an even greater virility. With these teeth you always look like you're smiling. No mouth too big or too small to fit. For a real paste in the mouth send today for price list.



PLAYBORE SKELETON KEY

Fits into any girls apartment door. Open the way to romance and adventure. A must for the would-be makeout man. Surprise that new girl as she walks into her boudoir. Comes equipped with flashlight for night problems. ONLY \$2 WITH RABBIT FOOT'S CHAIN (for added good luck.)



REAL-LIVE SHRUNKEN BUNNIES

Not a gimmick but the real MmCoy! Looks real—feels real—IS real! These gorgeous creatures were especially selected and reduced to pocket size by rare African witchcraft. You can't get them anywhere but here. Carry one around with you wherever you go. Doesn't eat much and can be hidden from your wife or girl friend. Prices vary according to measurements. Inquire today.

A PRE-FABRICATED PLAYBORE FALLOUT SHELTER



Be prepared when The Bomb falls. This easy-to-assemble structure comes complete with hi-fi, Ivy League wardrobe, a 40-year supply of booze, 3 strolling violinists and a real-live blonde. You won't ever want to go outside with this tidy arrangement. Write today for free estimate and specify parts needed.

Please send for our fantastic FREE CATALOGUE listing hundreds of other PLAYBORE gimmicks. Address your letter in care of this magazine and add \$897 for postage. We happen to mail it from the Aleutian Islands.

PLAYBORE

PLAYBORE'S PARTY JOKES

First Stripper: I've been out of work for three years.

Second Stripper: I've been out of work for five years.

First Stripper: If we could only get out of this business.

Our unabashed joke dictionary is full of old jokes.



Elizabeth Taylor Ellis says she can always tell if a pair of shoes are *Italian* because they keep pinching her.

Fanny Hill proves that women seldom make passes at men who like lashes.

Our unabashed dictionary defines a comic strip as a stripper who tells jokes.

Our unabashed playgirl says she used to have a good husband, but his wife came and took him away from her.



An old Playgirl called the room clerk at the motel and told him in an anxious voice: "Frank Sinatra is in my room."

"Do you want me to call the police?" the clerk asked.

"No, send up some Wheaties for me," she said.

Men and women are alike in many ways. Both are very much interested in *figures*.

Our unabashed joke dictionary notes that all the world loves a lover, except his wife.



Hard-Luck-Story-of-the-month. A man left his playgirl's apartment in the middle of the night. He had had a wonderful time. But the girl was asleep and he didn't want to turn on the light. He decided to leave his phone number so she could call him, pulled a lipstick from the girl's purse, and wrote his phone number on the mirror. The girl never called. He had written on the mirror with a chapstick.



A Playbore arrived home unexpectedly from an out-of-town business trip and found his wife in bed with his best friend.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" he asked jealously.

The wife said to the man beside her: "I told you. I told you he was stupid."

Our unabashed dictionary defines a joke as something that you've heard before.

If you've heard any good ones, send them to Playbore. We'll pay \$25 for a good one. But jokes cannot be returned. You know it's against the law to send dirty jokes through the mail.



WHAT KIND OF MAN READS PLAYBORE?

This is a question that has been asked more times than any other question in recent America. Even more times than "What is Jack Paar really like?" Or "So where is Joe Bananas?" Or even "Whatever happened to Dee Caruso?"

Let's put it this way. He's a man who's forever on the go, a man constantly doing things—in short, a man who doesn't know when to quit. He spends a lot of time wining and dining beautiful young girls who kill themselves the next day if he doesn't call. He spends a lot of time in his sports car where he never does under 80 even when backing out of the garage. He spends a lot of time with his hi-fi setup and has speakers all over the house including inside the fireplace, the refrigerator and the commode.

WHAT KIND OF A MAN READS PLAYBORE? Definitely not the man we have just described above! That man is too busy living life to its fullest to be wasting time reading about it!

It's the plain ordinary shnook-in-the-street that reads PLAYBORE. The clod who's looking for vicarious thrills and who arranges the centerfold to his own particular needs. Thank heaven we have a lot of them around! If it weren't for these nuts who read PLAYBORE we would never be able to make the money we need to lead real playbore lives ourselves!

THE PLAYBORE ADVISOR

Like all dashing men-about-town I try to pick up swinging girls wherever I find them. Most of them however, tell me they never speak to strange men on the street. What should I do? —T.S., Detroit.

Open up an office.

I'm a playbore widower trying to bring up a 14-year-old boy all by myself. Now I've given him everything a father can give a son but still he's unsatisfied. What can I get a 14-year-old boy that will make him happy? —V.J., Atlanta.

Get him a 14-year-old girl.

My question doesn't concern myself but my fiancée. It seems my girl is looking for a career job. Maybe you can advise her where to look. She's attractive and her measurements are 45-33-78. —L.B., Des Moines.

Tell her to try a record company.

This is a problem in social etiquette. Do you think it's in good taste for grown-up men to do these new-fangled dances like the Frug? —A.K., Peoria.

It's alright as long as they're not dancing together.

Ihappen to be engaged to a girl who has a twin sister. Now I'm afraid that

on my wedding night I may accidentally make love to the wrong one. What precautions can I take to avoid this? —H.O., Jersey City.

Why should you care? Let them worry.

I'm curious about a point of playbore etiquette. In walking with a girl along the street is it proper to hold her by the arm or neck? —M.T., Dallas.

It is never proper to neck with a girl on the street.

Do you think a four-button suit around the house is a little bit too conservative for a genuine playbore? —V.J., Duluth.

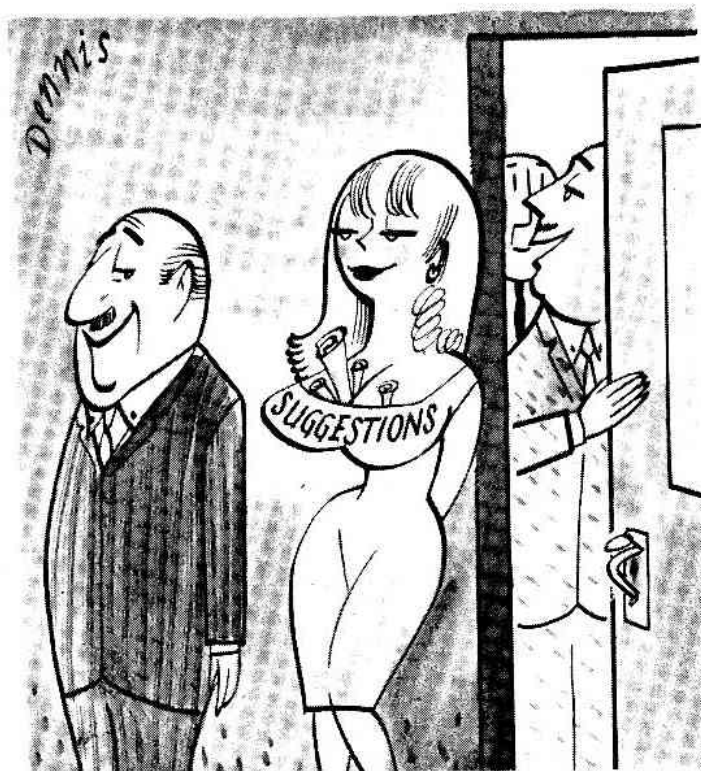
It depends on how big your house is.

Ilike to go to dances especially at a real wild Discotheque. Trouble is, they're all so very crowded. My problem is, what's the best way to hold up a girl on a crowded dance floor? —B.S., Chicago.

Point a gun at her when nobody's looking.

The other playbores I see have no trouble at all getting girls but no matter how hard I try I just can't seem to pick up a girl. Can you give me any advice? —F.O.B., Boston.

Try gaining some more weight.



"Your plan to get more suggestions is working, Ed."

I have great difficulty breathing, feel nauseous all the time and get these terrific pains in the head. What should I do about it? —Y.U., Macon.

You should worry! As long as you got your health!

I've heard of those new two-week crash diets but I haven't got the will-power to follow it through. If I do go on one what do you think I'll lose? —B.B., Portland.

Fourteen days.

Of all the luck. I just found a real swinging girl but her mother doesn't approve of necking. How should I handle the situation? —W.D., Philadelphia.

Stop necking with her mother.

My wife does nothing but nag at me all day and make my life miserable. Now she says that our marriage is making her nauseous. What can I say to her? —V.F.W., Cincinnati.

Tell her to take some Milk of Magnesia and keep her mouth shut.

My problem is that I insist on a double bed but my bride-to-be prefers that we sleep in twin beds. Now after all, don't you think she should give in to me? —M.N., Salem.

No, not until after you are married.

As a gourmet, is it best to serve wine when it is warmer or slightly chilly? —D.T., Sacramento.

The serving of wine has nothing to do with the weather.

This may sound a little offbeat but nevertheless I'm deeply concerned about it. Is it proper for a man with one leg to do the Watusi? —J., Newark.

Partly.

I'm a sports car enthusiast and would like to know if you have any suggestions on how to beat the traffic problem? —K.O., The Bronx.

Certainly, buy a parked car.

I'm having a little dinner party shortly and I'd like to ask you something. How do I make an Italian Squash? —N.V., Minneapolis.

That's easy, sit on his stomach.

As man to man, what do you say to a girl who comes right out and tells you that she's only after you for your money. —U.P., Peoria.

Goodbye.

Ihappen to be a 20-year-old playbore who's in love with an 80-year-old woman. Now I know you may think this sounds strange but do you feel I should ask her to marry me? —Z.X., Oshkosh.

Why not? But first make sure it's not just a physical attraction you feel...

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

PLAYBORE'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY HATRICK CASE

No matter where in the world a Playbore travels he's bound to find himself a swinging chick to make the scene with. They're all over the place and many times you have to fight them off with a club. There are however, certain tips one should bear in mind when dealing with certain foreign types. Here is a handy guide you can follow in your international wanderings:

CHINESE GIRL—an hour after you make love to her you get hungry again.

IRISH GIRL—Is always asking you for more of that green stuff.

AFRICAN GIRL—you just touch her and she cries "Mau-Mau."

ESKIMO GIRL—insists on giving you the deep freeze all the time.

HUNGARIAN GIRL—just when you've got her subdued she'll start revolting.

YUGOSLAVIAN GIRL—seems to turn Red at every crucial moment.

ISRAELI GIRL—keeps asking you how much you make a week.

SWISS GIRL—stays completely neutral whenever there is action.

SPANISH GIRL—wants to throw the bull all day long.

CUBAN GIRL—might decide to run off to Miami at any minute.

GERMAN GIRL—keeps claiming she knows nothing of what's going on.

MONACO GIRL—won't eat her dinner until you say Grace.

RUSSIAN GIRL—will usually veto all of your propositions.

CANADIAN GIRL—beware of them as they always get their man.

HAWAIIAN GIRL—with this one, better shake well before using.

JAPANESE GIRL—when it comes down to it you'll find her a little yellow.

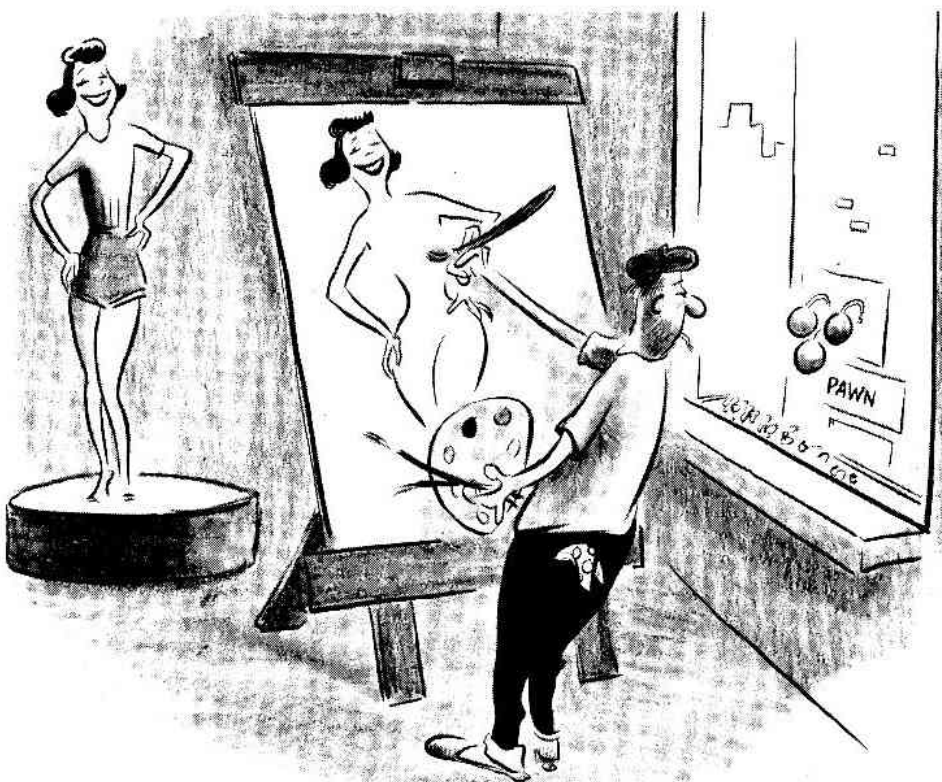
PUERTO RICAN GIRL—may suddenly take off and move to New York.

ALASKAN GIRL—this one will put you in another state.

FINNISH GIRL—with this one it's all over fast.

There you have it! Good luck and bon voyage on your "maiden crossing" where getting her is half the fun. But a little word of warning! Just remember your old Army films...

For further information write to the Playbore Jet Set Service as we're running out of places to look for girls.



PLAYGIRLS

Wake up feeling fine
In the morning



Go to bed feeling safe after you take THE PILL. You'll have no worries now or in coming months. Being a Playgirl can create problems, but you'll wake up feeling safe, and not just half-safe, if you take THE PILL before going to bed.



THE PILL

PLAYBORE ADVISOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Do you approve of going to a bar before an important date? I ask this because I'm very nervous about these things and try to brace myself by taking a couple of shots.—S.T., Akron.

At whom?

Please tell me what to do. I'm at my wit's end. I'm beside myself with panic. My problem is, I'm in love with a twelve-year old!—Y.U., Toledo.

A twelve-year old what?

My friends are coming to my house sometime in the future and I'd like to fix them with something nice. How do you go about preparing pigs-in-blankets?—N.O., Bangor.

Make them get into their pajamas first.

My new girl friend is a real swinging chick in every way but she has just one idiosyncrasy. It seems she doesn't like a beard. What do you think I should do about it?—B.O., Brooklyn.

You should ask her why she doesn't shave it off.

I still consider myself a hip playbore even though I'm 86 years of age. This is because I still have this great desire to pinch young girls. Do you think I'm too old for this sort of thing?—C.V., Chattanooga.

Not at all. You're only as old as you feel.

I'm always puttering about the kitchen and consider myself quite the gourmet. Now my salad is perfect as is. Do you think I should serve it without dressing?—H.J., Seattle.

No, you can at least put on a bathrobe.

Even though I'm a real playbore I'm a bit old-fashioned in some matters. My question is, if I let a girl kiss me on the first date will she lose all respect for me?—R.D., Memphis.

That depends on how you kiss.

All reasonable questions of interest to men will be answered. Those of interest to women will be sent to the Ladies' Home Journal where they pay for interesting questions to women. Send all letters in care of this department where they are then forwarded to our wives who know more about the problems of men than we do.



Knowledgeable people

think I drink a lot.



See the man bringing the case of whiskey to my house? He comes all the time. He holds the box in front of his face so the neighbors won't recognize him. He's my boyfriend. He said it would work. Wear a funny uniform and no one would notice him.

NEXT MONTH:

86 NEW PLACES TO LOOK FOR WOMEN—And what to do with them after you've found them

"I SAW THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL"—A frank revelation by a men's room attendant

CANDY MEETS JAMES BOND—The thrilling clash that everyone said was bound to happen

FLOOR PLAN OF THE CHICAGO Y.W.C.A.—Complete with escape routes and hidden places to neck

NEW YORK by PORFIRIO RUBIROSA, **OLD WORK** by TOMMY MANVILLE, **NO WORK** by PAUL LAIKIN (who's now out of a job for doing this ridiculous parody)

KISS ME, STUPID

Our PLAYBORE movie-of-the-month stars Dean Martin in the role of a fun-loving, hard-drinking, girl-chasing nightclub entertainer. It was a tough role for Dean to play and he really had to work like crazy to get into the mood of the character. Produced and directed by Billy Wilder who was responsible for giving us "The Apartment," "Some Like It Hot," "Irma La Douce" and other "Lemmon" pictures, it's a very sexy movie and thus was given a C-rating. Since this is the story of a man and a woman who meet and fall in love it was also banned in Greenwich Village as indecent. Some of the lines are so risqué that the cameras start to blush. That's how come the picture is in color. "Kiss Me, Stupid" co-stars Kim Novak and Ray Walston, is a Mirisch Corporation presentation in Panavision, was released through Lopert Pictures and with that out of the way let's begin our swinging story...



As the movie opens, Dino (DEAN MARTIN) has just finished a long run at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. What happened was that a jealous husband had been chasing him. It seems that Dino is a big ladies' man—he's a man who likes his ladies big. This is because he believes the bigger they are the harder they fall—for him, that is. And they really fall for him. Dino has more girls than you can shake a stick at—and many times he has to shake a stick at the girls to drive them away. We soon find out why they fall at Dino's feet. It turns out he has magnets on his shoes! Nevertheless, Dino is now leaving Las Vegas and is on his way to Hollywood to do a big TV spectacular. In fact, the show is so big Sinatra is the opening act. While on the road driving however, Dino runs into a detour and soon finds himself going through a small town called Climax, Nevada. This town is so small the "Welcome" and "Come Again" signs are back-to-back.



In Climax lives Orville Spooner (RAY WALSTON) who makes his living as a music teacher. He claims he can teach anybody how to play the piano overnight. If you want to learn in the daytime then naturally his prices are a little higher. Orville himself learned how to play the piano in only three months by taking one of those correspondence courses. This is even more remarkable when you consider the school sent him the guitar course. At any rate, Orville can relax and play the piano for hours on end. Next to his music, Orville's big love interest is his wife. She is Zelda (FELICIA FARR) and this girl is really stacked. She has a million dollar figure and the money is invested in all the right places. In real life Felicia Farr is married to Jack Lemmon but this girl is certainly no lemon. Naturally Orville is insanely jealous and suspects everyone of flirting with her. And he has good reason. When Zelda walks down the street even the Cigar Store Indian turns and pants!

In addition to his other interests, Orville is an amateur songwriter. Around town they say he's another Berlin—and they should drop bombs on him too! But he keeps plugging away and dreams of one day making it big in Tin Pan Alley. Orville has a collaborator in Barney Millsap (CLIFF OSMOND) and you can tell by the name just what kind of a clod he is. He's such a clod that not only can't he read music but he has trouble reading the lyrics as well. Barney is a little deaf as a result of playing the piano by ear. Despite that, every night after working in the local gas station Barney comes to Orville's home and together they knock out a few ditties like "I Didn't Raise My Boy Because He Had An Ace In The Hole," "When Banana Peels Start Falling I'll Come Sliding Home To You" and their latest ballad "Run Into The Roundhouse. Nellie, He Can't Corner You There."



As Dino comes riding through Climax he stops for gas and by the time Barney is finished servicing his car it's in the garage for overnight repairs. To show you what a terrible mechanic Barney is, it took him two hours to get the top down on the car before he found out it wasn't a convertible. Besides, he never saw a car like the one Dino drives. It runs on Seagram's 7th! This is the only car that staggers down the road. And so Dino has to leave it and stay over in town until the car is juiced up again. Barney steers him to Orville's home and they suggest he stay there for the night. They figure if they can sell one of their songs to a big star like Dino they'll have it made. Dino figures he may stay a couple of nights after ogling a dressmaking dummy which has Zelda's eye-popping measurements. As the songwriters are thankful for what has dropped into their lap so is Dino thankful for what he expects to soon drop into his lap!



Orville soon realizes that both his gorgeous wife and Dino will be sleeping under the same roof. His suspicions are slightly aroused when he sees Dino fondling the dressmaking dummy. Orville then decides that he must get Zelda out of the house while Dino is there. He comes up with an ingenious plan. He'll pick a fight with Zelda that will have her packing and running off. Thus he begins to insult her in subtle ways. He tells Zelda she has a run in her stocking when she isn't wearing any. He then tells her to return that frightful wig she has on and it turns out it's her own hair. Finally he tells her to take off that ridiculous ill-fitting dress she's wearing and she screams it's a form-fitting job. One word leads to another and he soon calls her every name in the book. Then he goes and gets another book and calls her those names. That does it. She rushes into the bedroom, packs a valise and dashes out the door yelling that she's going home to her mother. This makes Orville even more suspicious as her mother has been dead for two years. But it's too late to back out and he lets her go.

With Zelda now out of the house another problem arises. Dino must be made happy so that they can play their music for him. And Dino can't be happy without a female around. What's needed now is some feminine companionship for Dino. After all, he hasn't had a woman in six hours! The last one was a hitchhiker he picked up just outside of town and it was really wild racing through Climax while shifting gears with his knees! It is left to Barney to come up with the answer in the person of Polly The Pistol (KIM NOVAK) who got her nickname because she's really loaded, never shoots her mouth off and always hits the spot. Polly-The-Pistol is a waitress at the Belly Button Cafe—a real “navel base,” what with so many sailors coming in to ogle Polly at work. Polly has a fine background for her job and bends over backwards to please. Orville figures she'd be perfect for Dino and takes her home with him. On the way he also figures she'd be perfect for *him* and takes her number in case his wife doesn't come back.



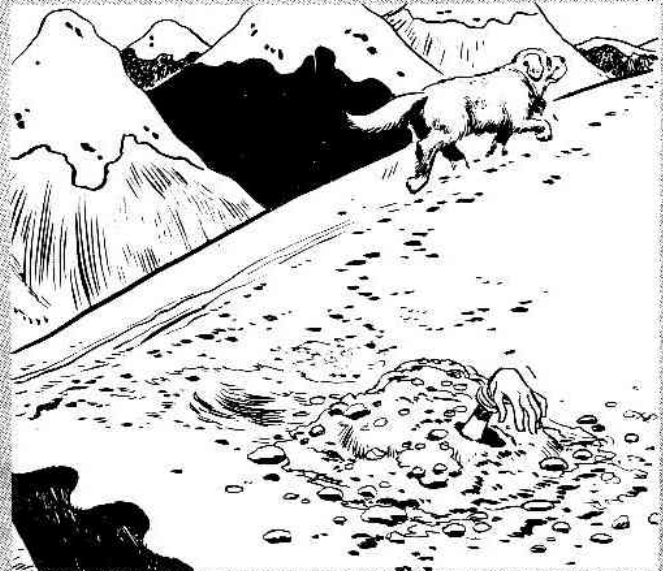
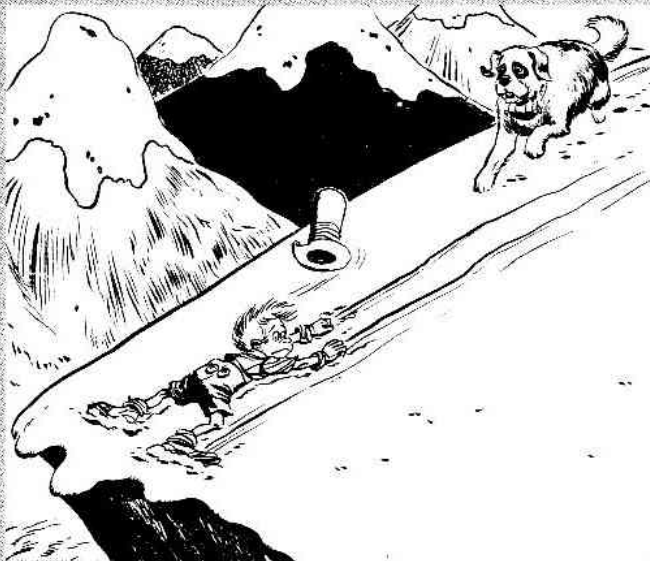
Orville now reveals his fantastic plan. Polly will pose as his wife for the evening. This wasn't his original plan but seeing Polly gave him another idea. Anyway, Polly will wear Zelda's clothes and pretend they are married. Then together they will get Dino in a good mood and sell him some songs. At first Polly refuses. This is because she hates Zelda's taste in clothes. But Orville tells her that if she does this little thing for him he'll get her into the movies. Sure enough, as it turns out, three weeks later he gives her a pass to the local Loew's Theatre. And so Polly agrees to go along with the pretense. It's such a great plan that Orville is thinking of setting it to music. In thinking about it he gets so carried away that the next thing you know they're both doing a wild frenzied dance together. This is the funniest scene in the whole movie and the sexiest—especially when you realize that there's no music going on while they're dancing!



All goes well with the plan. Dino likes the dinner, the songs, the clever ad libs the writers gave him to say and especially he likes Polly. When he finally makes a pass at her Orville forgets the pretense and jealously reacts as if Polly were really his own wife. He gets so mad he starts hitting Dino over the head with old Phil Brito records and then throws him bodily out of the house! But all's well that ends well. Through an odd series of events Dino winds up buying one of the Spooner & Millsap songs to sing on his TV spectacular. Zelda finally comes home to Orville and Polly has found a new way to look at life. We won't tell you how all this comes about but it's screamingly funny. Go see the movie and find out. But we will tell you where they got the title of the picture... The title "Kiss Me, Stupid" came about when the producer kept hearing Dean yelling it to Kim behind the cameras.

The Adventures of HUCKLEBERRY FINK

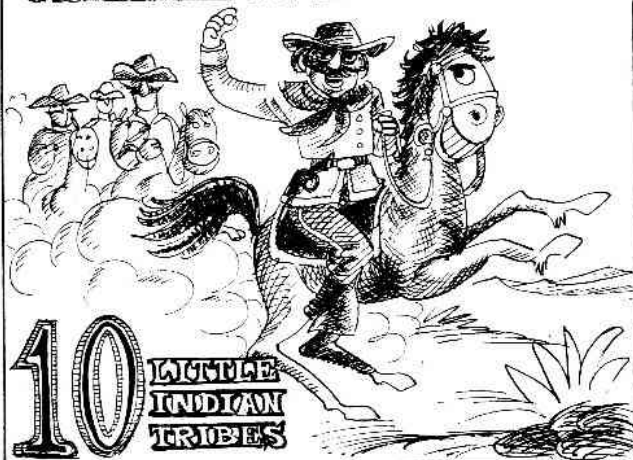
GALLANT DOG



RARE OLD HISTORICAL

Script by Paul Laikin

GENERAL CUSTER ENROUTE TO
LITTLE BIG HORN



BURR & HAMILTON
PROCLAIMING FRIENDSHIP



ZEPPOLIN HINDENBURG
FLYING OVER NEW JERSEY



ANNE BOLEYN
ON WAY TO
HAIRDRESSER



S.S. TITANIC SETTING OUT
ON MAIDEN VOYAGE



JOHN DILLINGER
AND LADY IN RED
ENTERING
MOVIE
THEATRE



STAMPS THAT NEVER GOT ISSUED

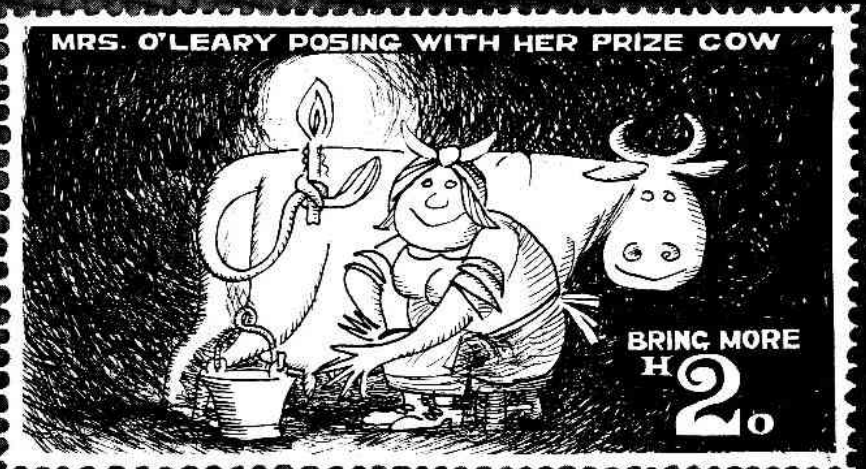
Art by Arnold Franchioni



JESSE JAMES
WELCOMING
BOB FORD
INTO HIS GANG



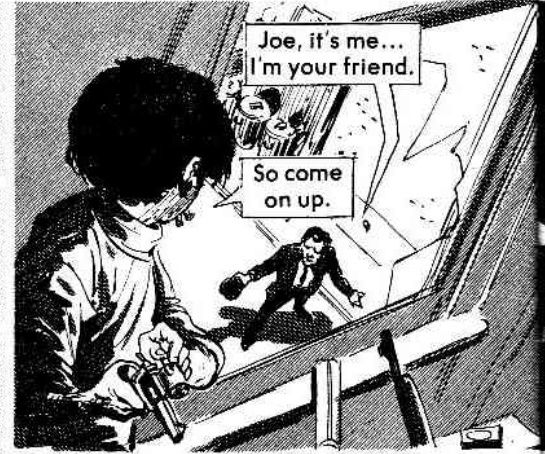
45 IN THE BACK



Franchioni

A MORE REALISTIC CLASSIC SCENES FROM

THE SOCIAL WORKER AND THE MIXED-UP KID ... Kid in old building

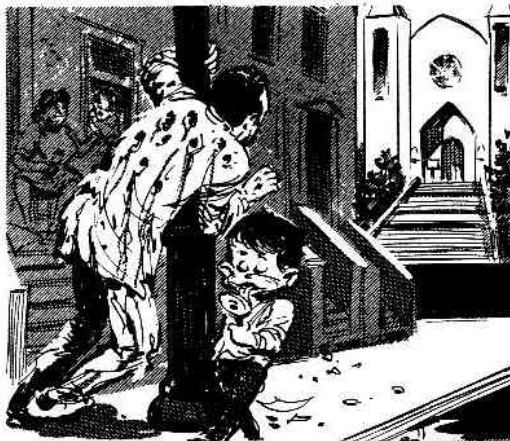


GIRLS SLAPS MAN IN ANGER...



THE HOODLUM WHO GETS MORTALLY WOUNDED...

He reaches the church and starts climbing the steps...climbing...climbing.



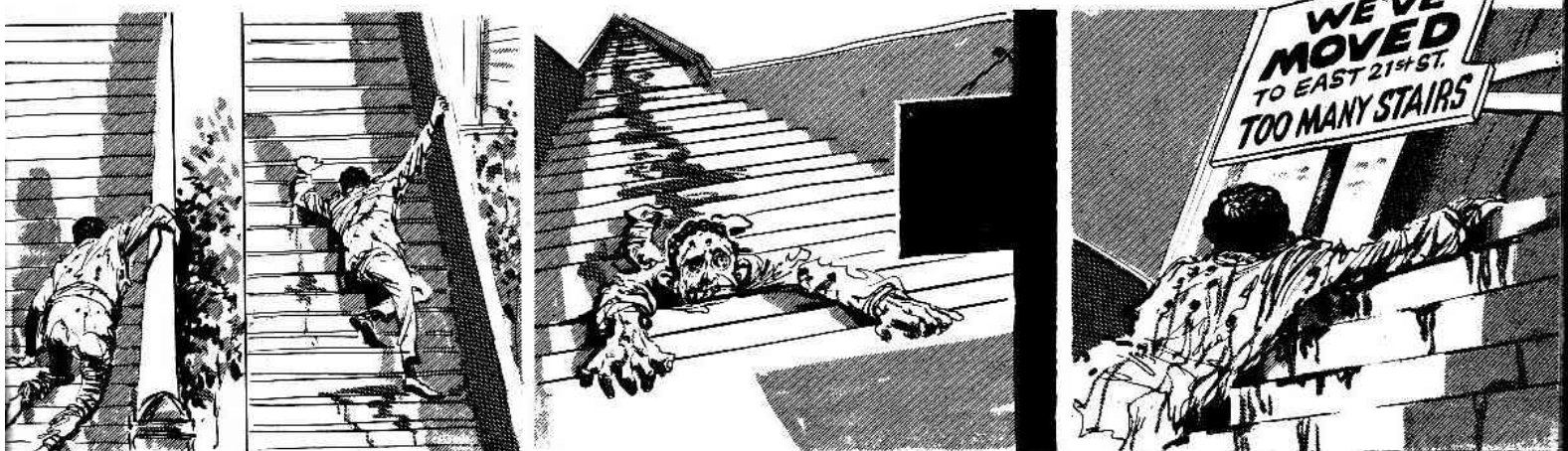
VERSION OF THESE THE LATE LATE SHOWS

shooting it out with the cops...

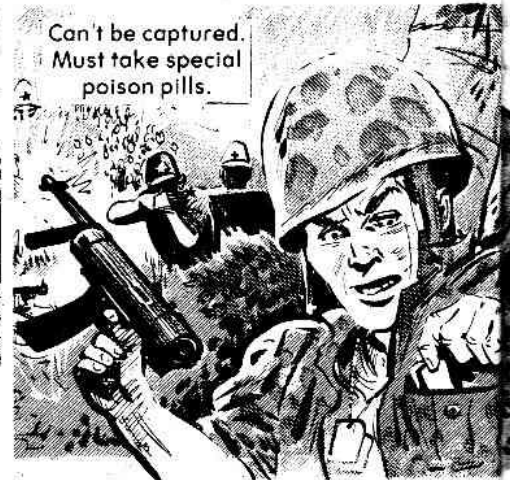
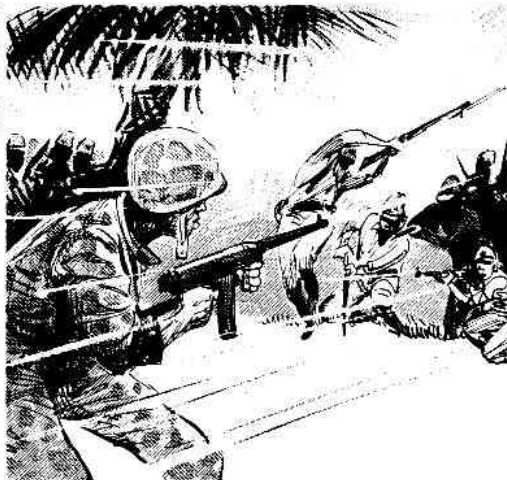
Art by Bob Powell



Minutes away from death, he reaches the door, and...



THE SOLDIER WITH THE SECRET MESSAGE...

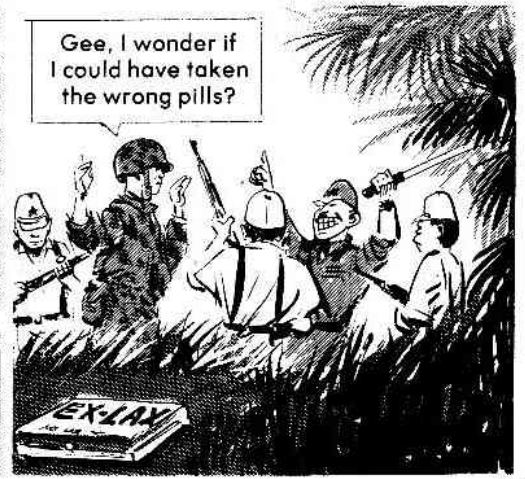


THE HOMELY SECRETARY DROPS HER GLASSES...



THE COWARD PROVES HIMSELF...





And here's our more likely version
of the more irritating--

TV COMMERCIALS

VISION IN WHITE



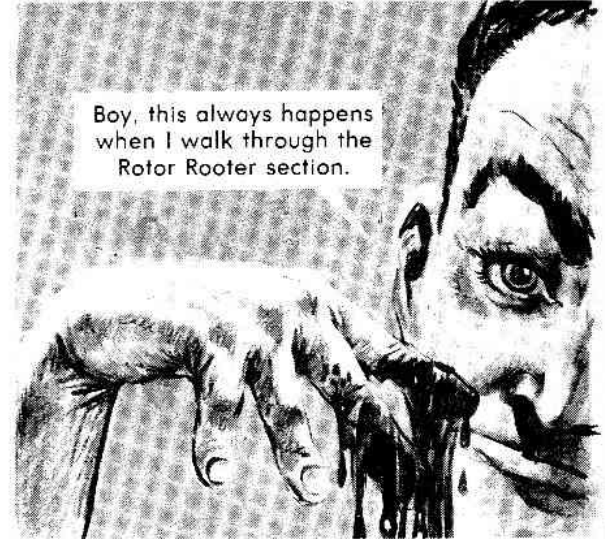
THE TEN FOOT WASHER



THE FILTER CIGARETTE



THE YELLOW PAGES



LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE WALKING THROUGH THE YELLOW PAGES

THE WHITE KNIGHT

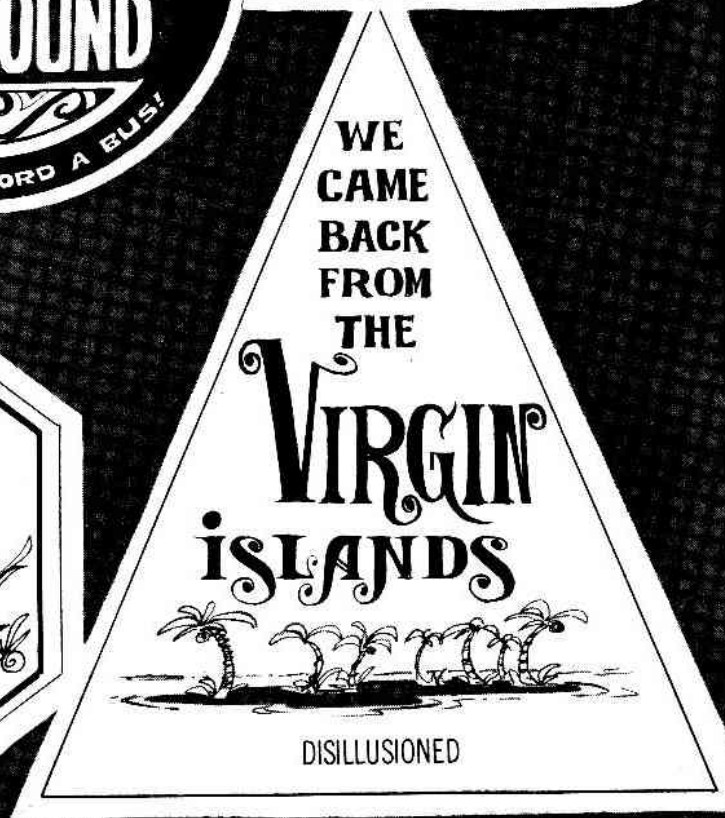
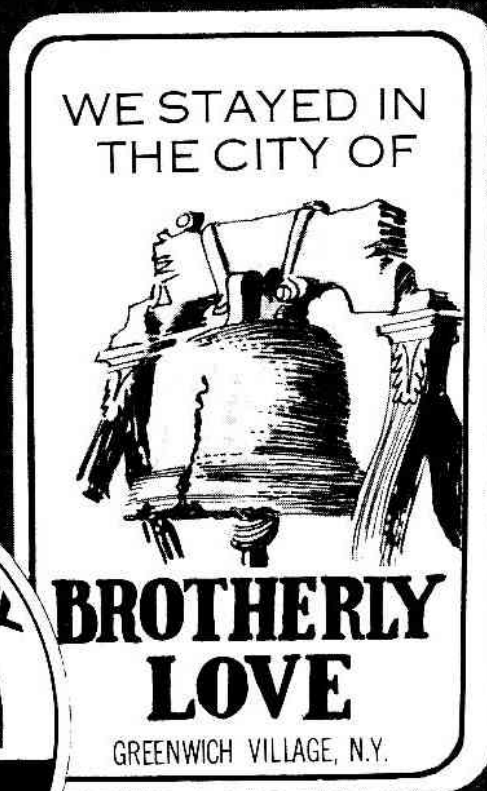


SICK

CUT-OUT
PASTE-ON

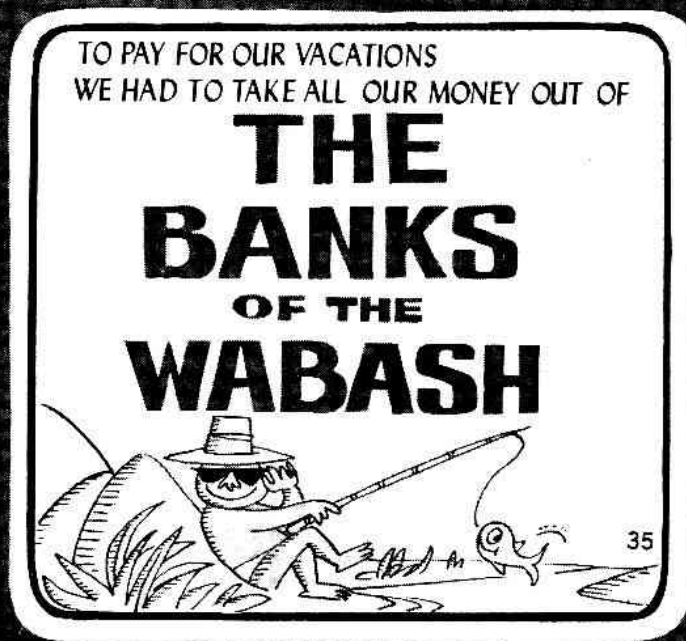
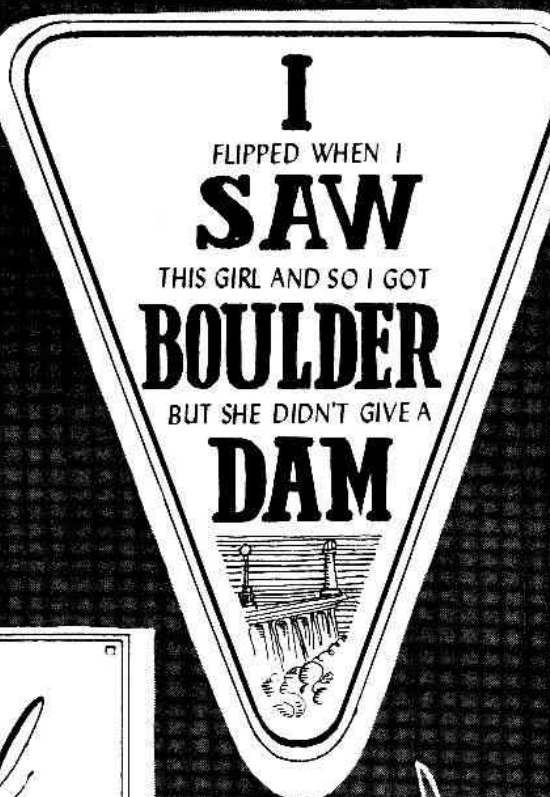
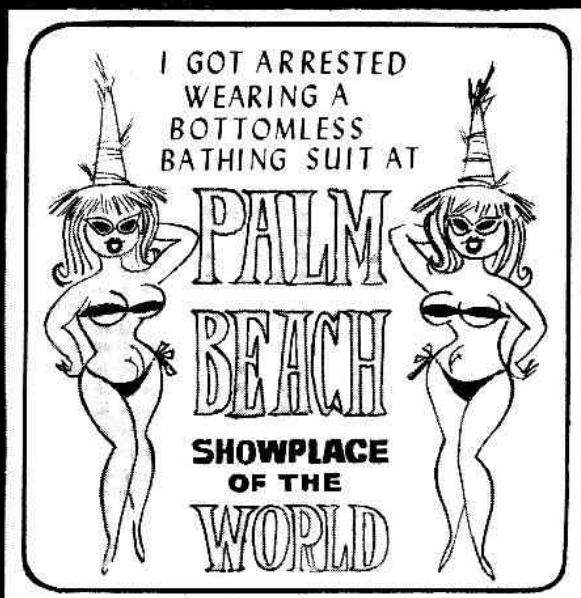
U.S.A.

Script by Paul Laikin



TRAVEL STICKERS

Art by Arnold Franchioni



NOTHING COULD BE
FINER THAN TO BE IN
CAROLINA



IN THE MORNING

BUT STAY OUT IN THE AFTERNOON-
IT'S HOT AS BLAZES!

WE
GOT AN
ANSWER
FROM CHLOE
IN THE

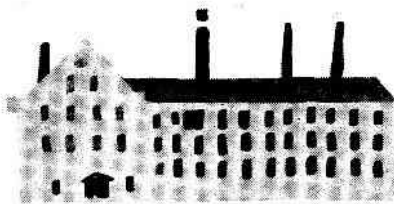
FLORIDA



EVERGLADES



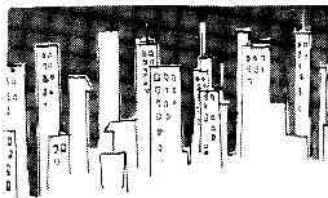
WHEELING



**WEST
VIRGINIA**

WAS THE GREATEST FEAT
OF STRENGTH EVER PERFORMED!

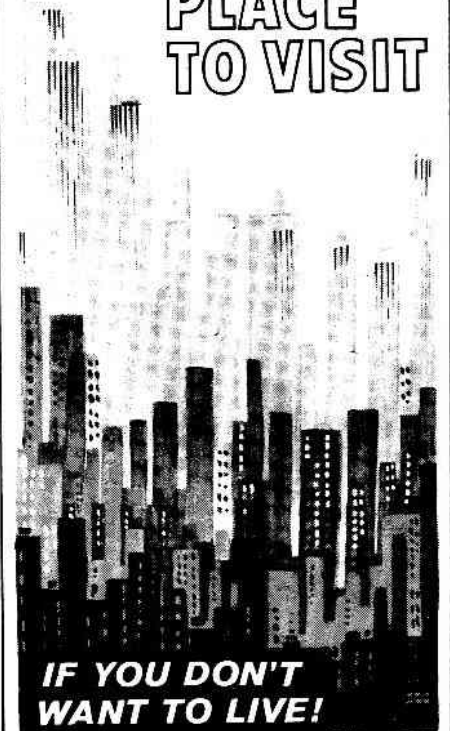
WE GOT DRUNK ON
THE BEER
THAT MADE



**MILWAUKEE
FAMOUS!**

**New
York**

IS A
NICE
PLACE
TO VISIT



IF YOU DON'T
WANT TO LIVE!

**GO
BY
BUFFALO**



IT'S BETTER THAN A PLANE!

Small towns dull? Not on your life. There is plenty to do and gossip about in a small town. People in small towns are just like people everywhere. They do the same things, only everyone knows about it. That's the way it is in...

PETTIN' PLACE

Script by Jim Atkins

Art by Angelo Torres



Pettin' Place on Saturday night. The new kick...Stealing cars and burning them. The people of this quiet town don't complain. It could be worse. The kids could be stealing cars and driving them.

This is the story of people and their problems. ALISIN Mackinsick has the same problems that girls in large cities have. And you want to hear about them. That's why "Pettin' Place" is on late-night TV, twice a week. And by the time you read this, maybe more.

My zipper's stuck.

I'll help you. You're my daughter. All girls have problems.

Yea, but most of them have fathers, too. We need a man.

See, we did it. We can do without a man.

Ha, Ha, Ha. Life is so much fun here. Let's gossip. I have to stay up to be on the show anyway.



Mother, who are you calling?

Why George AnderSIN. If he's drunk—and he always is—he'll tell us some gossip.



You can't call him. He shot his phone with a pistol last week. Now Lassie HarringSIN can't call George's wife.

Well, if I can't call him, I think I'll go visit Dr. Michael RosSIN.



Constance is going to see Dr. RosSIN, who left New York City to come to Pettin' Place to practice. After he gets some practice, he's going back to New York to star in a series called: "The Doctor from Pettin' Place."

DOES YOUR TOWN HAVE PETTIN' PLACE DOCTORS?



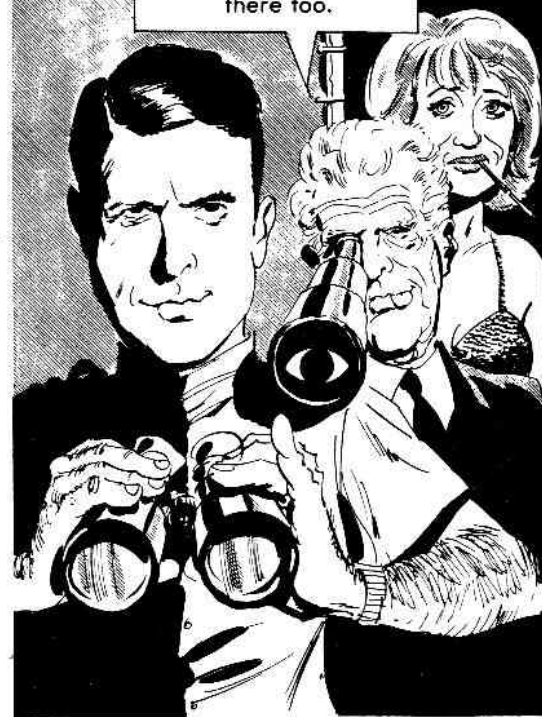
Constance. It's good to see you. Mr. Swoon is showing me the sights of Pettin' Place. Please go into the examining room and take off all your clothes.

But...



It's all right. This is an adult show.

I see Mrs. SanderSIN. She's in a hospital bed. Rod HarringSIN is there too.



I like Mrs. SanderSIN.
She's a good patient.
When you ask her if she
feels well, she always
says yes. She can't say no.
Let me see what's going
on down there.

Why, Rod is there.
And I told her. No Visitors.



US PETTIN' PLACE SMOKERS
WOULD RATHER PET THAN FIGHT.



Why that's Mr. and Mrs.
Burton down there.

They come here all
the time. Like it.
People are so busy
talking about their friends
they don't even know
the Burtons are here.



Doctor, I don't understand
this. I just came by
to pay my bill.

Pay your bill?

Pay your bill?



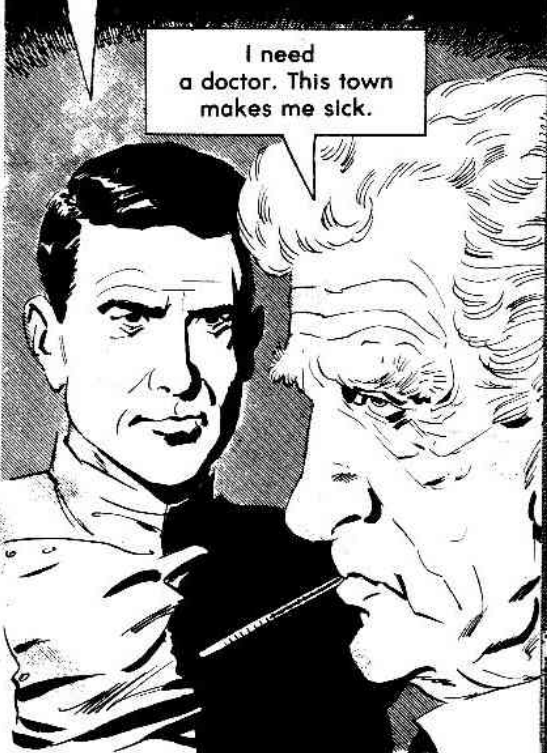
Pay your bill? That's what
I said. Who writes the
dialogue. And why all
these closeups?

This is an adult dramatic
show. If it bothers you,
go back to New York,
and start your own show.

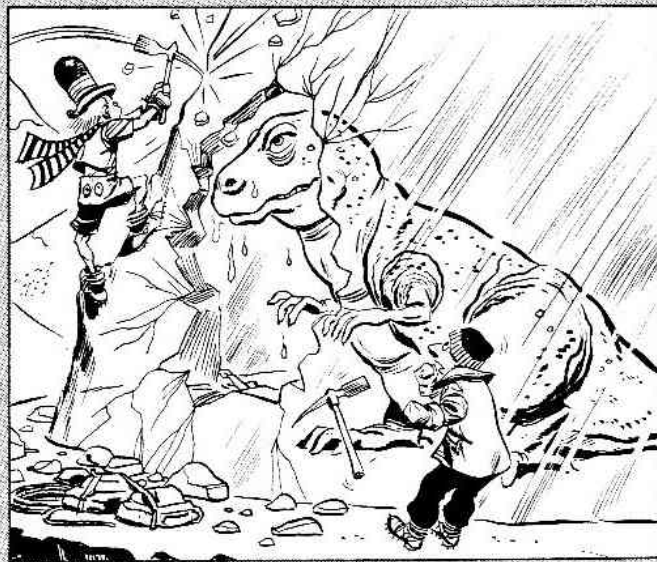
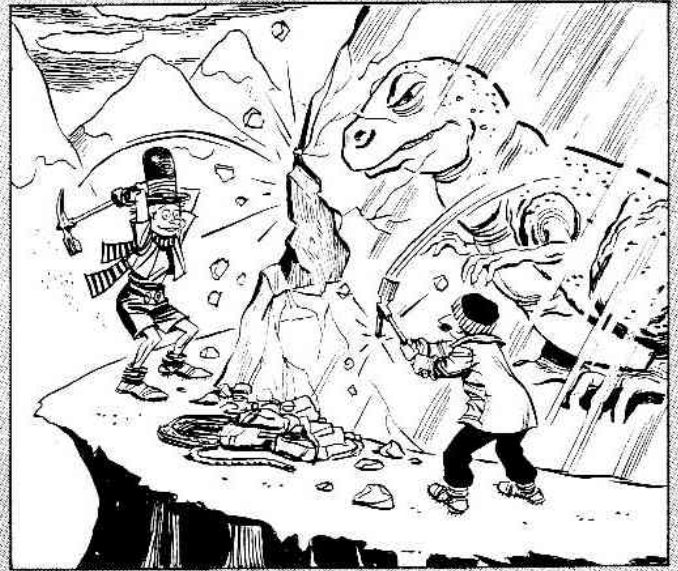


There is one thing that
does bother me. Why did
you come here.

I need
a doctor. This town
makes me sick.



FROZEN TREASURE



SONGS OF THE **A**merican **M**edical **A**ssociation

THE MED SONG

(To The Tune Of The 'Jet Song'
From "West Side Story")

When you're a Med, you're a Med all the way.
From your first paltry fee,
Till you're head of A.M.A.

(chorus)

You're never alone
You're never infected,
You're well protected.

With lobbyists fighting the Medicare
You're sure of an increase in your medical fare.
We'll fight in the Senate,
We'll fight on the air.
With the fees that we charge,
We will beat Medicare.

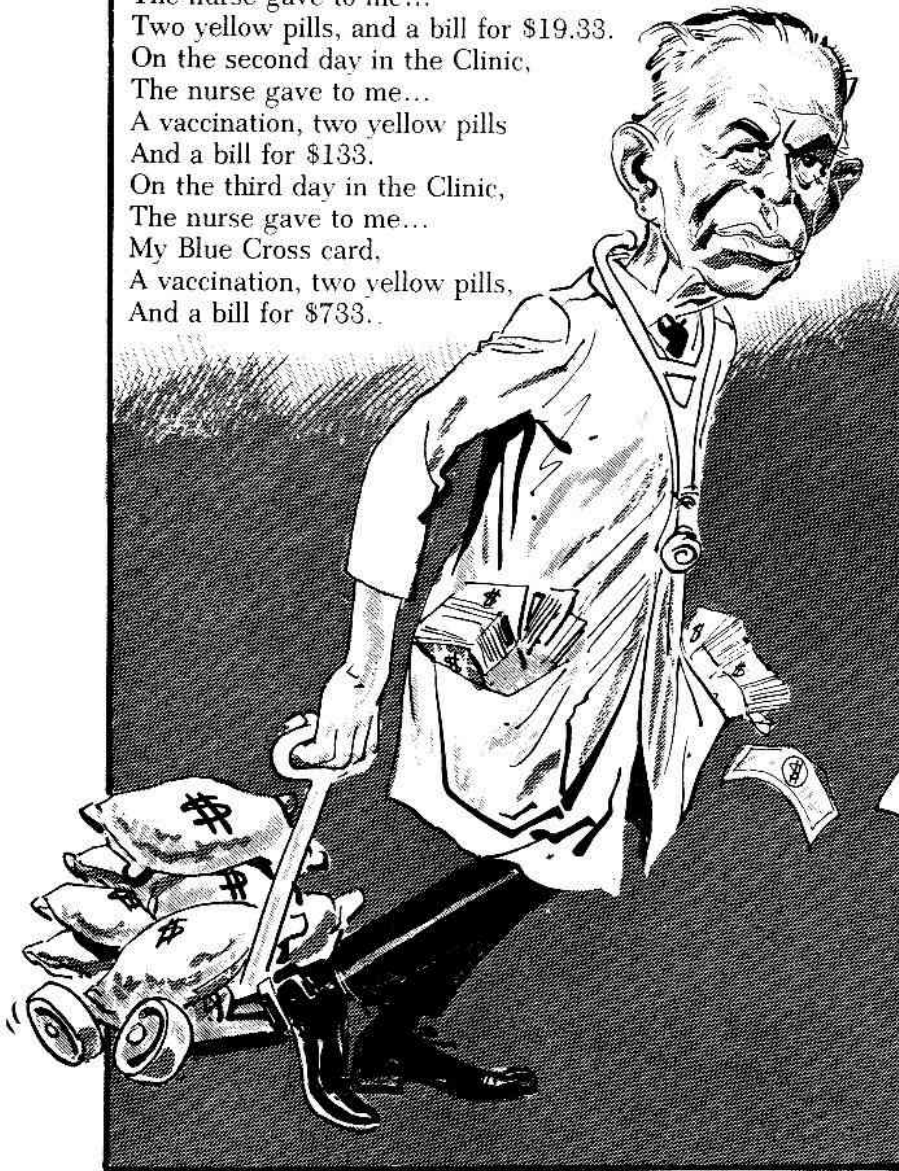
Art by Jack Sparling



ON THE FIRST DAY IN THE CLINIC

(To The Tune Of "First Day Of Christmas")

On the first day in the Clinic,
The nurse gave to me...
Two yellow pills, and a bill for \$19.33.
On the second day in the Clinic,
The nurse gave to me...
A vaccination, two yellow pills
And a bill for \$133.
On the third day in the Clinic,
The nurse gave to me...
My Blue Cross card,
A vaccination, two yellow pills,
And a bill for \$733.



JOLLY OLD DOC ZORBA

(To The Tune Of
"Jolly Old St. Nicholas")

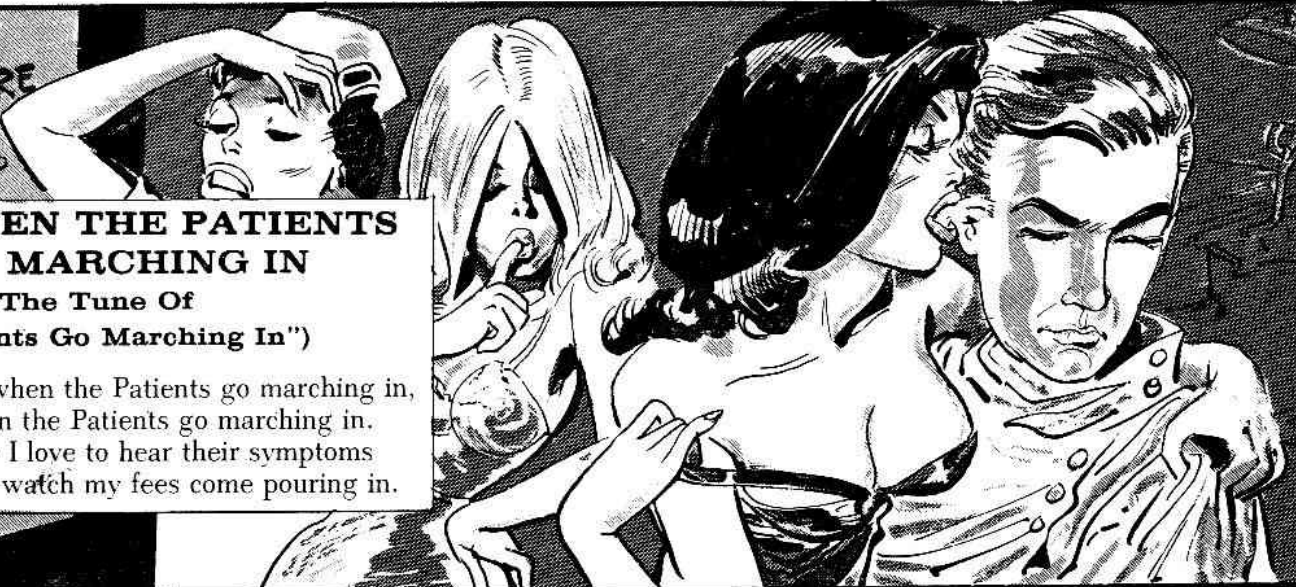
Jolly old doc Zorba,
Lean your ear this way.
Don't you tell a single soul,
What I'm about to say.
Nielsens says we're slipping,
On the charts today.
So please go out and buy...
Some Brylcreme right away.

DR.
KILDARE

WHEN THE PATIENTS GO MARCHING IN

(To The Tune Of
"Saints Go Marching In")

Oh when the Patients go marching in,
When the Patients go marching in.
How I love to hear their symptoms
And watch my fees come pouring in.

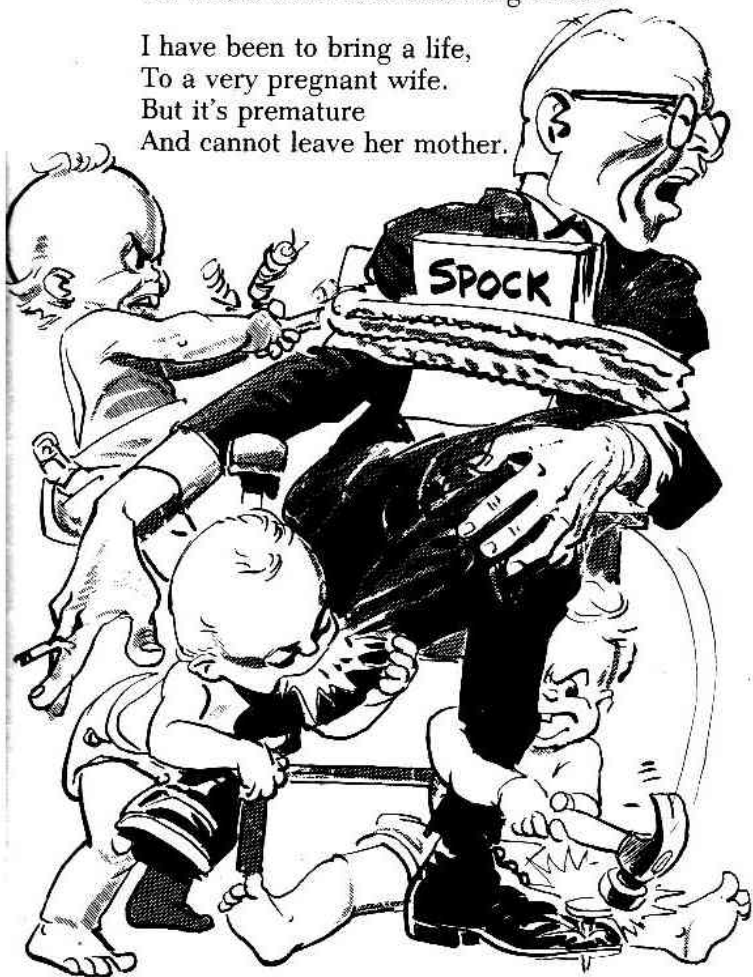


DOCTOR SPOCK

(To The Tune Of "Billy Boy")

Oh where have you been,
Dr. Spock Dr. Spock
Oh where have been charming doctor?

I have been to bring a life,
To a very pregnant wife.
But it's premature
And cannot leave her mother.



OLD DOC ARNOLD

(To The Tune Of "Old MacDonald")

Old Doc Arnold had a practice,
Ouch and eeeh and ooooh.
And in his office he had a patient,
Eeech aaah and oooooh.
With a gall bladder here, and a muscle pull there,
Ouch and eeeh, and ooh.
And in his office he had a cash register,
Ho ho ho hooooo
With a ring ding here and a ring ding there,
He he ho ho hooooo.



GIVE MY REGARDS TO BELLEVUE

(To The Tune Of
"Give My Regards To B'way")

Give my regards to Bellevue.
Remember me to mental ward.
Tell all the chicks in nurses quarters,
That I will soon be there.

Trends in Literature

Mickey Spillane has a new detective. He's a tiger. The name: Tiger Mann, the hero of Spillane's new book, "Day of the Guns." Tiger is the opposite of James Bond. He drinks cheap whisky with ginger ale, rides a cab, uses a plain old .45. He goes to strip joints and is frankly a slob. This should be the start of a new trend away from the sophisticated James Bond-type. As detectives get sloppier and tougher, the next detective to hit the scene and everyone in sight, will probably be somebody like Wild Man, our own Mickey Spillane type private eye featured here in...

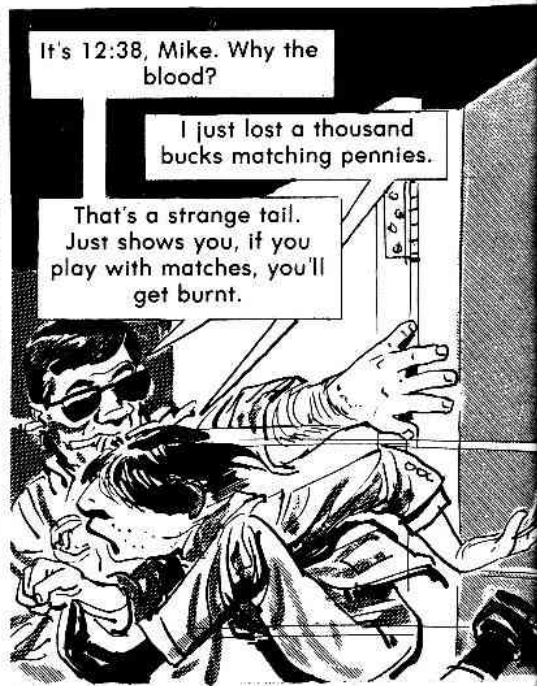
The Cigarette Case



It was 12:34 when it started. I had just lit a cigarette, was slowly smoking, when the door bell rang. This is what happened. I answered the phone.



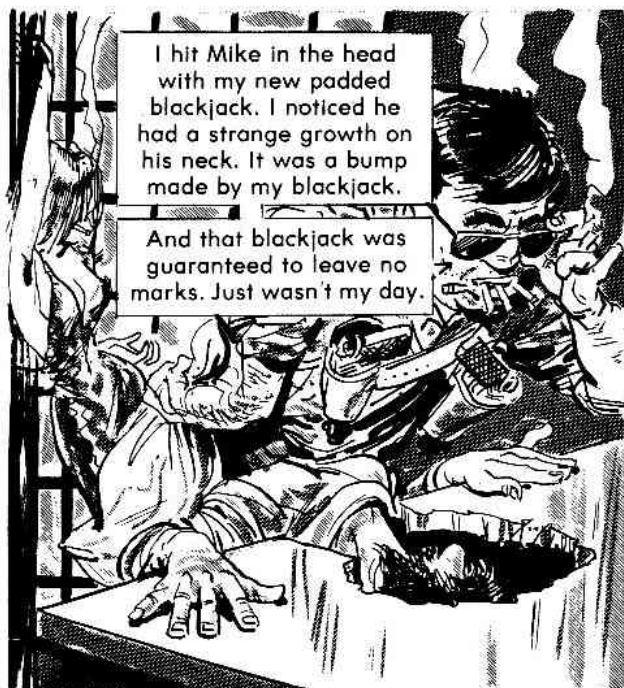
Hello, Information... Got any information on some new ideas for a new type Villain never used in a detective story before? I'm desperate.



It's 12:38, Mike. Why the blood?

I just lost a thousand bucks matching pennies.

That's a strange tail. Just shows you, if you play with matches, you'll get burnt.



I hit Mike in the head with my new padded blackjack. I noticed he had a strange growth on his neck. It was a bump made by my blackjack.

And that blackjack was guaranteed to leave no marks. Just wasn't my day.



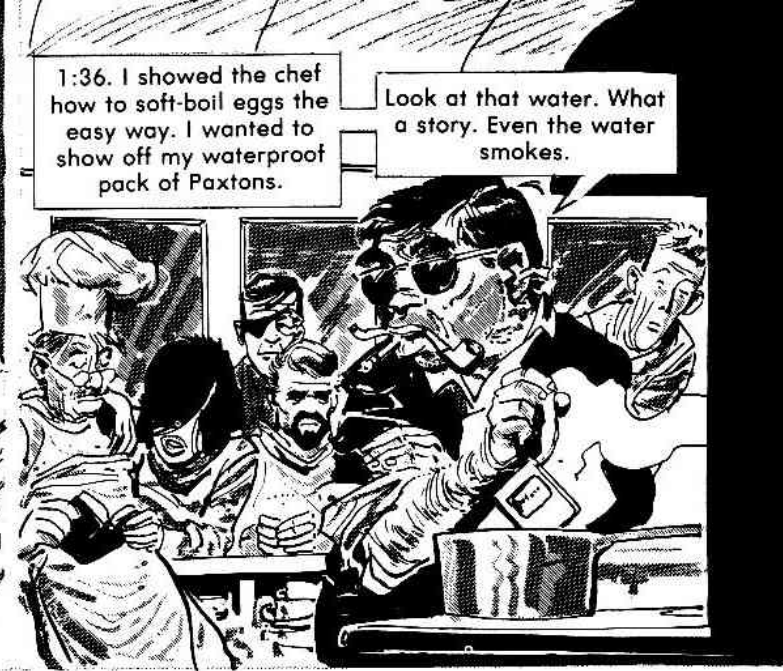
12:30...I took out a pack of Chesterfields, lit a Lucky, took a drag off a Pall Mall, crushed a Salem out in my eye socket. Now I knew why Bull Connor was so tough. He had a glass eye.



12:41. It hit me. It hit me hard. Now I knew why this story wasn't making sense. There was no plot. All I did was smoke and hit people. What's wrong, I asked myself? That's all Mike Hammer ever did.

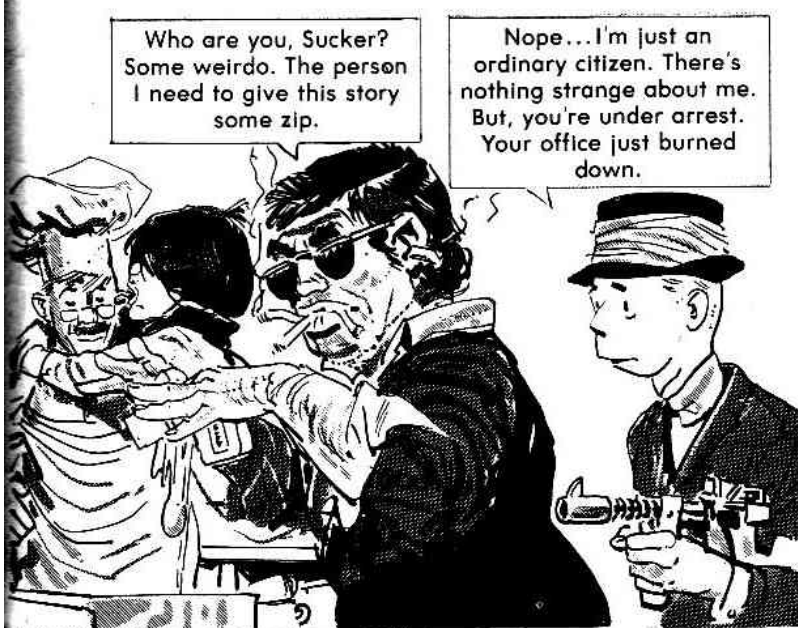


1:23. Time for lunch. I took a couple of slugs. Then I went to the diner where some strange, weirdo characters were bound to show up. I needed them. That was what this story needed... a weirdo villain. B.O. Plenty, men with hooks for hands, the Wolfman, all were old hat.



1:36. I showed the chef how to soft-boil eggs the easy way. I wanted to show off my waterproof pack of Paxtons.

Look at that water. What a story. Even the water smokes.



Who are you, Sucker? Some weirdo. The person I need to give this story some zip.

Nope... I'm just an ordinary citizen. There's nothing strange about me. But, you're under arrest. Your office just burned down.



You left a burning girl on your couch.

No law against that. I just gave her a light. What's the charge?

Smoking in bed.



Who are you? FBI, Spectre? CRET?

No. I told you. Just an ordinary citizen. This is a citizen's arrest. Get moving. It's 2:30.

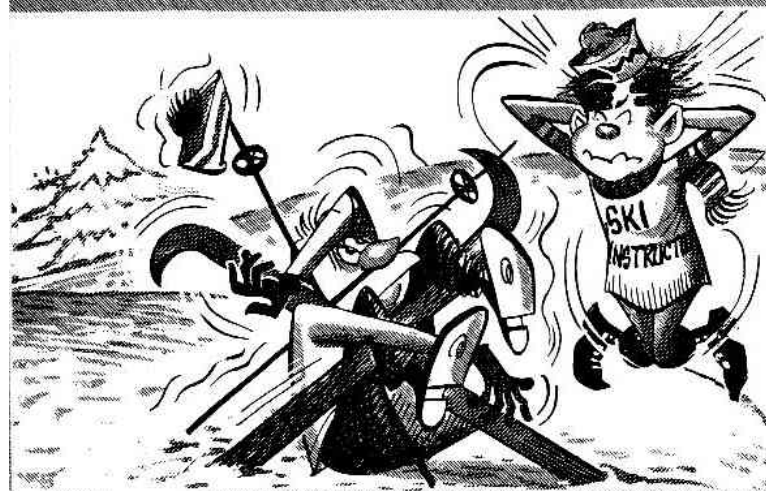
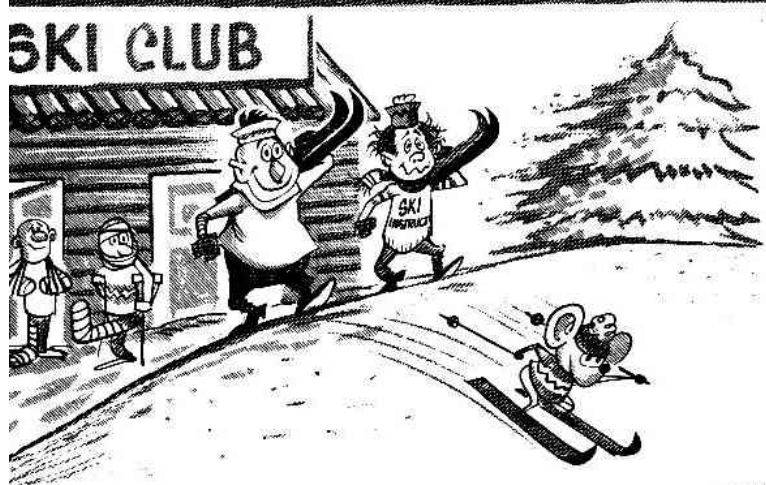


Tough break. 2:34. Behind bars. But I had found my gimmick. A new type villain. Something new, like an improved filter. A villain never before used... An ordinary man. Wonder why nobody ever thought of that before? It just didn't add up?

HUCKLEBERRY FINK



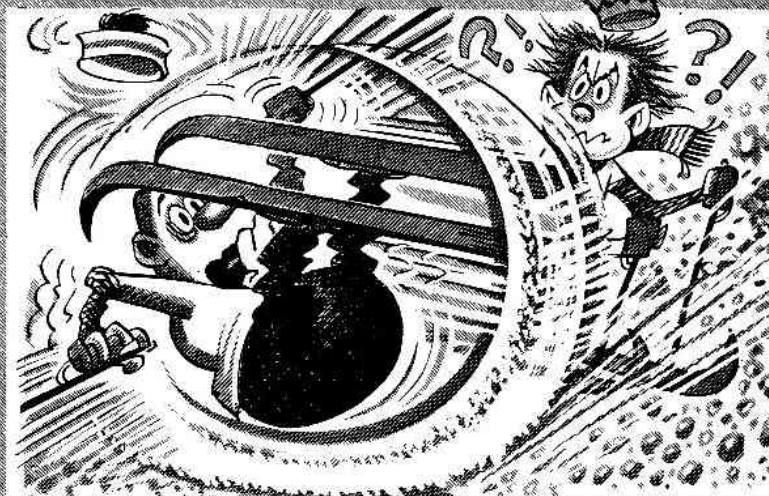
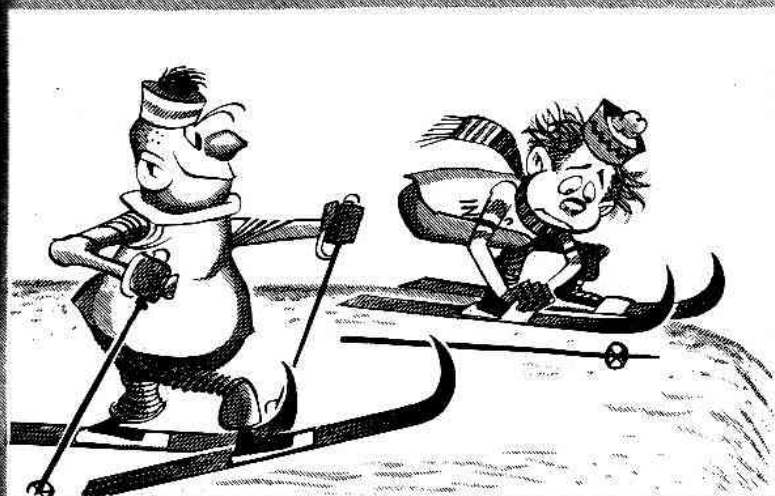
The Ski



by Vic Martin



Instructor



You should investigate
the Peace Corps, honey,
they do marvelous work
in underdeveloped areas!

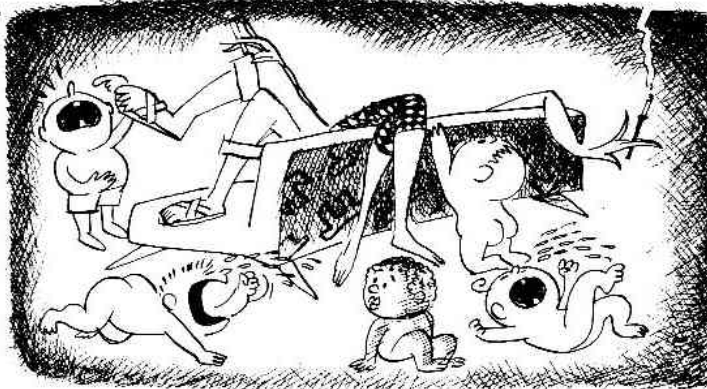


Let's face it! Kids today are hip! And they're getting sick and tired of the same old corny nursery rhymes! What we need like a tonic are some updated nursery rhymes. What we need like a blessing are more realistic nursery rhymes. What we need like a hole in the head are these...

CONTEMPORARY NURSERY RHYMES



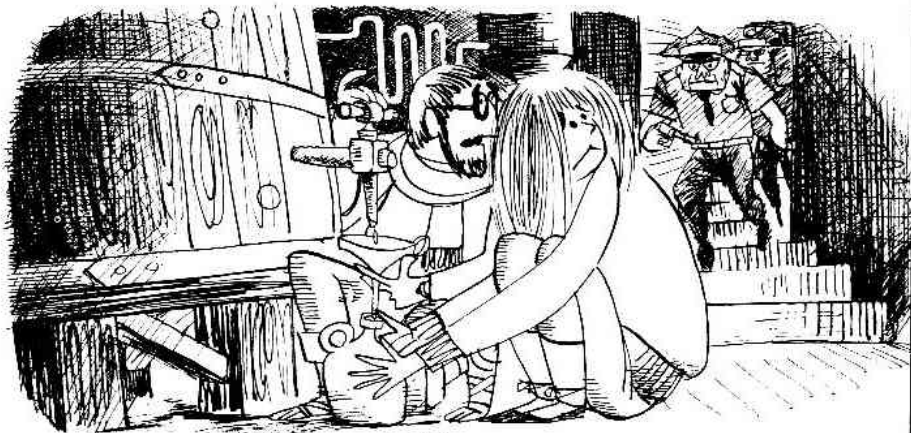
Little Miss Muffet
Thought she would rough it
To Central Park she did cruise,
Along came a mugger
And started to hugger
And now she's Page 4 of the News!



There was an old lady
Who lived in a pad
She had so many children
Each from another Dad,
She neglected them so
That they started to wail
So she whipped them all soundly
And wound up in jail!



Humpty Dumpty sat on a ledge
The crowd yelled "Jump"
As he started to hedge,
All the cops' pleading
And all the to-do
Got him down safely to old Bellevue!



Jack and Jill
Went to their still
To fetch a pail of moonshine,
The cops broke in
And seized the gin
And now they both are doin' time!



Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How do you keep so fair?
With Maybelline and Listerine
And Breck Shampoo in the hair!



Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Stuffing a pie in his face,
He got very pale
As he found there a nail
And said Man, like have I got a case!

THE KILL



Would you like to send an Aviz button to a lifer in prison?



**Why try
harder.**

Or to a fellow stranded on a desert isle?
Or even to some patient with an incurable
disease?

It might set them straight. Like it did
for us.

This button states our policy. It reminds us we're still
only No.2 in rental-cars. So we have to try harder to get
to the top.

And how do we do this?

By cleaning the ash trays, filling the gas tanks, thinking
up sneaky advertising gimmicks like this. This way we can
still charge the exorbitant rates for cheap cars, just like
the outfit that's number 1. Your pocketbook hertz when
we put you in the driver's seat.

Pick up this button at any Aviz counter.

If the slogan doesn't work for you, turn it over.

Try the pin.

When you come in to rent a car you'll get stuck with
both!

FOOL PEOPLE WHEN THEY THINK YOU'RE READING

★★★★
FINALLY

DAILY NEWS

NEW YUK'S PREPOSTEROUS NEWSPAPER

25¢

Vol. 86 No. 69

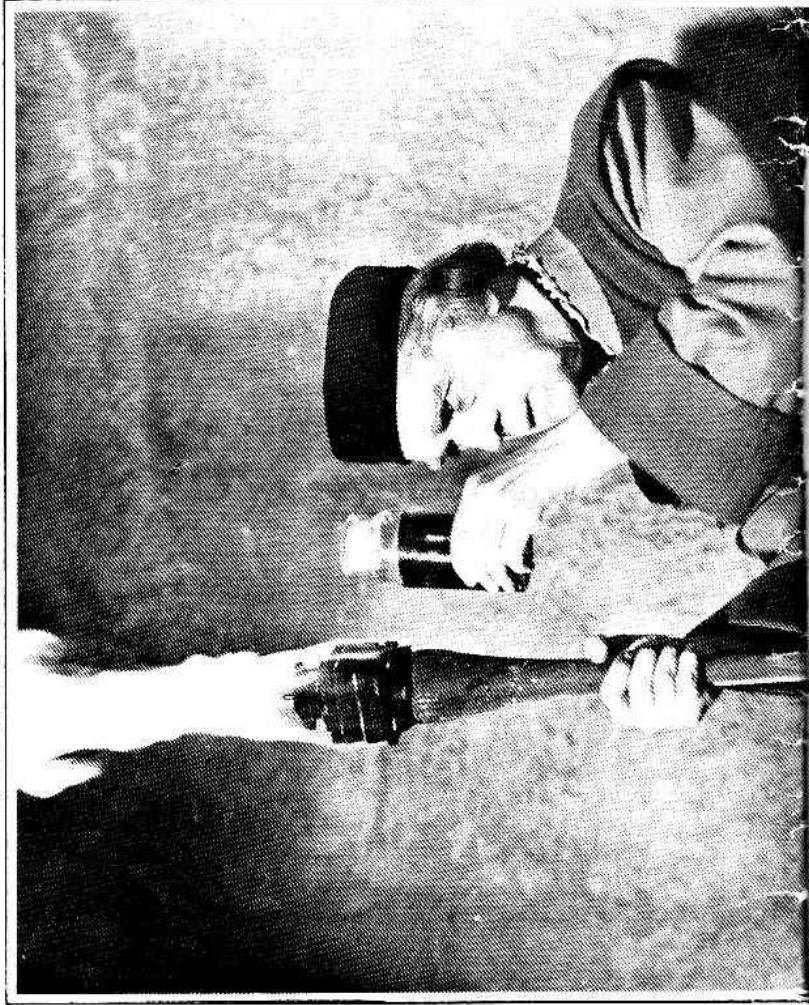
All the news unfit to print

Weather: Muggy

WHOLE TOWN GETS SICK

HUMOR MAGAZINE FULLY SOLD OUT IN LOCAL COMMUNITY

Scientists Seek Cure



Hospital Wards Filled

